



# THE BEHEMOTH

by Marc Platt

**THE DOCTOR: COLIN BAKER**

A traveller in space and time.

**CONSTANCE CLARKE: MIRANDA RAISON**

His travelling companion – formerly of Bletchley Park.

**FLIP: LISA GREENWOOD**

His other travelling companion, recently returned.

**SIR GEOFFREY BALSAM:**

(M, 50s) Brassworks owner and a slave trader. Jovial, bullish, dangerous.

**MRS MIDDLEMINT:**

(F, 50s) Geoffrey Balsam's sister – a dithery widow, good-hearted, well-meaning, lonely.

**TITUS CRAVEN:/ REV MR PHILIP NAYLOR:**

(M, 20s-30s) Handsome, self-important bounder. Has recently inherited a substantial estate and fortune./ Edinburgh accent. Calvinist Preacher. Courteous, honest, very driven.

**CAPT. DOUWEMOUT VAN DER MEER:/ NEHEMIAH HAWNCH:**

(M, 40s) ['dow-er-moot'] Dutch owner of a travelling rhinoceros – an astute showman and businessman./ Captain of *The Worthy*, a merchant ship owned by Geoffrey Balsam. Gruff, oily, shady.

**SARAH: [also WOMAN IN STREET]**

(F, 20s) Mrs Middlemint's maid. West African.

**GOREMBE:**

(M, 20s) Sarah's husband. West African. Runaway slave.

**ALSO: WORKS FOREMAN, MAJORDOMO, FOOTMAN.**

**WILDTRACKS: GUESTS, SLAVEWORKERS, WATCHMEN, CREWMEN.**

**DIRECTOR:** NICHOLAS BRIGGS

**SCRIPT EDITOR:** ALAN BARNES

**PRODUCER:** DAVID RICHARDSON

**EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS:** NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

BIG FINISH PRODUCTIONS LTD © 2017

**SCENE 1. INT. BALSAM'S BRASSWORKS. FACTORY FLOOR**

THE YEAR IS 1756.

FX: STEAM GUSHES FROM AN EARLY STEAM-POWERED PUMP-ENGINE. IN THE BACKGROUND, THE CLINK OF HAMMERS ON ANVILS.

GOREMBE, ONE OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE WORKERS, HOLDS STILL WHILE A FELLOW WORKER STRIKES AT THE MANACLES CHAINED TO HIS ANKLES.

**WORKER**

(EFFORT, SWINGING HAMMER)

FX: CLANK. THE HAMMER STRIKES.

**GOREMBE**

(IN PAIN) Ugh... Again, my brother. Strike again.

**WORKER**

(EFFORT, SWINGING HAMMER)

FX: HAMMER STRIKES.

**GOREMBE**

Agh! Yes... almost. And again.

**WORKER**

(EFFORT, SWINGING HAMMER)

**FOREMAN (DISTANT)**

Hey! Back to work, you slugs! The Dragon needs feeding!

FX: ANOTHER GUSH OF STEAM.

**GOREMBE**

(URGENT) Again! One more strike. Break the chain!

**FOREMAN (CLOSER)**

You heard me! Back to work!

**GOREMBE**

Give me the hammer. I'll do it myself. (EFFORT)

FX: HE STRIKES THE CHAIN.

**FOREMAN**

(ARRIVING) Gorembe! I should have known. Always trouble!

FX: GOREMBE STRIKES REPEATEDLY. IT SHATTERS.

**GOREMBE**

Done it!

FX: THE FOREMAN'S WHIP CRACKS.

**FOREMAN**

You men – hold him down! (BEAT) Well, go on!

**GOREMBE**

You will never hold me! (BREAKING FREE WITH A WARCRY) Wengalu!

FX: OVERHEAD CHAINS CLANK.

**FOREMAN**

The melting pot! Leave it! Get back!

**GOREMBE**

We will be free!

FX: MOLTEN METAL SPATTERS AND HISSES DOWN.

**FOREMAN**

(CRIES OUT, BURNED – CONTINUES TO WHIMPER)

**GOREMBE**

I will return, my brothers!

FX: HE RUNS. ANOTHER GUSH OF STEAM.

**2. INT. ST PAUL'S CHURCH, BRISTOL**

REV MR PHILIP NAYLOR (EDINBURGH-BORN CALVINIST) ADDRESSES HIS CONGREGATION ON MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

**NAYLOR**

My friends, I saw a Prince today, the son of a King; the ruler of lands and peoples far from here. But ill fate and the greed of Men have dragged him to our country, where he is no more than a potboy in a gentleman's house.

While the dogs eat fresh meat, he dines on scraps unfit for his master's table.

So I ask myself who is more worthy. Who shall dwell in Paradise? The squire in silks and lace? Or the ragged, starving servant - who cost his master less than a sack of flour?

(BEAT)

Let us now sing Psalm one hundred and thirty four: "You faithful servants of the Lord, sing out his praise with one accord."<sup>1</sup>

FX: CONGREGATION STANDS.

---

<sup>1</sup> Originally, Calvinists sang psalms rather than hymns. No organ.

### **3. EXT. THE BATH ROAD**

CAPTAIN VAN DER MEER'S CONVOY OF WAGONS, WHICH CARRIES FAMED TRAVELLING RHINOCEROS CLARA, IS STUCK IN THE MUD.

FX: A DISTANT HORSE NEIGHS.

**MEER** (DISTANT)

Agh, this country! Try again! The wagon must move!

FX: ANOTHER CARRIAGE TRUNDLES UP AND STOPS. ITS PASSENGER, THE VERY IMPORTANT TITUS CRAVEN, LEANS OUT OF THE WINDOW.

**CRAVEN**

What the Deuce! (SHOUTS) Hey! You! Get out of the road! Make way!

FX: HORSE NEIGHS AGAIN. CLATTER OF A BREAKING WHEEL.

**MEER** (DISTANT)

Dear Heaven! Well, don't just stare at it. Fetch another wheel!

**CRAVEN**

This cannot be endured. Must I deal with everything myself?

FX: HE OPENS THE CARRIAGE DOOR, JUMPS DOWN AND MARCHES TOWARDS THE CONVOY.

**CRAVEN**

Hey! You there! Fellow! Yes, you!

**MEER**

Mynheer? ('Mine-here')

**CRAVEN**

Are you Dutch, sir? (LOUD AND CLEAR) Do... you... understand... English?

**MEER**

Yes, very well, I thank you, Mynheer.

**CRAVEN**

Your wagons are blocking the road, sir. I am the Honourable Titus Craven and I am expected in the City of Bath this evening.

**MEER**

I am expected too. And if your English roads were not so deep with mud, this occasion would not arise.

**CRAVEN**

I travel in one carriage, sir. How many do you have? That wagon alone has six horses.

**MEER**

Eight horses, Mynheer. A necessity. And if you had arrived before us, it would be your carriage that was belaboured.

**CRAVEN**

Who is your master? Is he here?

**MEER**

I am charged with the care of the Lady Clara.

**CRAVEN**

(INTRIGUED) Lady 'Clara'?

**MEER**

And she is as much incommoded as you.

**CRAVEN**

What's her family name? Let me pay my respects at least.

**MEER**

She is not receiving visitors at present. So you must wait until our wheels are freed. Or you might turn back and follow the track around the other side of the hill.

**CRAVEN**

Out of my way. I will speak with her.

**MEER**

No, Mynheer!

**CRAVEN**

How dare you, sir!

**MEER**

If you wish to see Clara, you must pay like everyone else.

**4. EXT. COLONADE NEAR TO THE BATHS**

FX: GENERAL BUSTLE OF A BUSY 18<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY STREET.

CONSTANCE AND FLIP, DRESSED IN APPROPRIATE FINERY, ARE WAITING OUTSIDE THE BATHS.

**FLIP**

(BORED) How much longer? It's gonna start raining any minute.

**CONSTANCE**

Well, come under the colonnade then. It's still only half past eight... local time.

**FLIP**

The Doctor's been ages. He always does this... vanishes, I mean. And we're left standing about. People are gawping... And getting the wrong idea. (CALLS) Alright?

**CONSTANCE**

No need to encourage them, Philippa.

**FLIP**

They don't need encouraging.

**CONSTANCE**

It's these long skirts. It's a different way of standing. Correct deportment.

**FLIP**

"Fitting in" with the past... as usual.

**CONSTANCE**

Seventeen-fifty-six.

**FLIP**

Whatever – but it's like I'm back at my wedding.

**CONSTANCE**

Oh, I know. On parade.

**FLIP**

I thought I'd got over all that. You look alright, though, Connie.

**CONSTANCE**

Thank you. It suits you too, you know... really.



**FLIP**

I must look like a walking meringue.

**CONSTANCE**

No, you don't. I got married in uniform with a bunch of wilting daffodils... hardly a bouquet at all.

**FLIP**

And the hem's getting mucky already. Look at that.

**CONSTANCE**

It's funny how history books never mention the mess. But we'd look pretty out of place without the TARDIS wardrobe.

**FLIP**

I know. (BEAT) Oh, come on, Doctor. How long does it take to get tickets for the Baths? We're only viewing – not going swimming.

**CONSTANCE**

There's probably a queue.

**FLIP**

We're not swimming, are we?

FX: FOOTMEN CARRYING TWO SEDAN CHAIRS TRAMP PAST.

**CONSTANCE**

Oh, mind out.

**FLIP**

Blooming Sedan chairs hogging the road.

(CONTINUES)

**5. EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE BATHS [CONTINUOUS]**

AS SCENE 4.

FX: THE SEDAN CHAIRS CONTAIN SIR GEOFFREY BALSAM AND HIS SISTER, MRS MIDDLEMINT. MRS M'S MAID, SARAH, WALKS BEHIND.

CONSTANCE AND FLIP ARE CLOSE TO US; BALSAM, MIDDLEMINT AND SARAH SLIGHTLY REMOVED.

**BALSAM**

Here. Here! Set us down here!

FX: THE FOOTMEN STOP.

**FLIP (CLOSE)**

(MUTTER) Look at these two.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Here? Why here?

**CONSTANCE (CLOSE)**

(MUTTER) Philippa, stop staring.

**FLIP (CLOSE)**

(MUTTER) But look at them.

FX: DOORS OPEN.

**BALSAM**

(CLIMBS OUT) Ooh, Odd's teeth, me knees. Ooh... Come along, sister dearest.

**MIDDLEMINT**

I thought we were stopping at the Promenade.

**BALSAM**

I have matters to attend to.

**MIDDLEMINT**

You and your matters. How am I supposed to amuse myself?

**BALSAM**

You are never short of ways, m'dear.

FX: A SMALL LAPDOG YAPS.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Oh, tush, tush, Urclees. Keep still.

**FLIP (CLOSE)**

(MUTTER) What is that?

**CONSTANCE (CLOSE)**

It's a pug.

**FLIP (CLOSE)**

More like a walking sausage roll.

**BALSAM**

Sarah, take the dog.

**SARAH**

Yes, master.

**FLIP (CLOSE)**

That's never had a good run in its life.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Help me out. Help me out.

FX: SHE SQUEEZES OUT WITH MUCH RUSTLING OF SKIRTS.

**FLIP (CLOSE)**

Blimey... if I'm a meringue, she's the full pavlova.

**CONSTANCE (CLOSE)**

Stop it.

FX: HER FAN CLATTERS DOWN.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Ah... my fan. Sarah, fetch it up.

FX: DOG YAPPING.

**SARAH**

(STRUGGLING WITH THE DOG) Madam, I... Oh, hold still.

**BALSAM**

The fan, girl.

**CONSTANCE (STEPPING FORWARD)**

Here. Let me. Your fan, Madam.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Oh...

**SARAH**

Thank you... Madam.

**BALSAM**

Our thanks... young lady.

**CONSTANCE**

Mrs Clarke, sir. Your maid had her hands full.

**BALSAM**

(INGRATIATING) Mrs Clarke, charming and thoughtful. Sir Geoffrey Balsam, at your service. We are much obligated to you. And your husband, is he here?

**MIDDLEMINT**

Ah, there's Lady Teasewell. Follow, Sarah! (BUSTLING OFF)  
Araminta!

FX: DOG YAPPING.

**CONSTANCE**

(POLITE/UNCOMFORTABLE) My husband is not accompanying me.

**BALSAM**

Really... (LEERING) And perhaps you are taking the waters today?

**CONSTANCE**

I don't think so, sir. My companion, Mrs Ramon, and I are newly arrived in Bath.

**BALSAM**

To see the Lady Clara, no doubt. My sister talks of little else.

**CONSTANCE**

(CONFUSED) Lady Clara? No. We are waiting here for our friend. He's a Doctor.

**BALSAM**

Ah. Then perhaps we shall meet again inside. Good day to you.

FX: HE LEAVES.

**CONSTANCE**

(RELIEVED) Good day, sir.

**FLIP**

Yuk. He was practically dribbling.

**CONSTANCE**

The proverbial bargepole comes to mind.

**DOCTOR (HURRYING UP)**

Here I am, you two. I said I wouldn't be long.

**FLIP**

About time.

**DOCTOR**

Well? Anything interesting happen?

**CONSTANCE**

Not exactly.

**DOCTOR**

Right then. Because we can visit the Pump Room and the Promenade, but unfortunately the tickets for this evening's Grand Ball eluded me.

**CONSTANCE**

Is it sold out?

**DOCTOR**

More a case of a lack of resources.

**FLIP**

You mean you didn't have the cash.

**DOCTOR**

Do you know how much they were charging? Never mind. We are still going to enjoy ourselves.

**CONSTANCE**

Thank you, Doctor.

**FLIP**

Yeah... lol.

**DOCTOR**

First on the agenda, the Thermal Baths. So... who's for a dip?

**6. EXT. THE BATHS**

FX: SWIMMING POOL AMBIENCE. WATER SLAPPING, SPLASHING. THE ELITE OF 18<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY BATH SOCIETY MILL ABOUT.

A MIGHTY SPLASH. MORE MILLING.

**BALSAM**

Captain Hawnch!

**HAWNCH**

Sir Geoffrey.

**BALSAM**

Where have you been, man? As if I couldn't guess. You reek of the tavern.

**HAWNCH**

The road from Bristol was blocked. I needed sustenance upon arrival.

**BALSAM**

Over here. Away from prying ears.

FX: THEY WITHDRAW FROM THE POOLSIDE A LITTLE.

**BALSAM**

What news? Is the runaway caught?

**HAWNCH**

Off like a fox, he was. There's word he was heading along the Bath Road.

**BALSAM**

Indeed?

**HAWNCH**

But we'll soon run him to earth.

**BALSAM**

He's a devil, that boy. I want him found.

**HAWNCH:**

Oh, we will, sir. My crew have his scent.

**BALSAM**

The sooner the better. And our latest endeavour?

**HAWNCH**

All in hand. There's a spring tide in two days. *The Worthy* can be loaded by then - if your new partner is amenable.

**BALSAM**

The Honourable Titus Craven, flaunting his new inheritance.

**HAWNCH**

Aha...

**BALSAM**

I meet him this evening. So what can we offer him on his voyage, eh?

**HAWNCH**

We can stow fifty cartloads of brassware. The usual pans and kettles. Bracelets... they go well. And glass beads too, if we can get them.

**BALSAM**

There's a merchantman just in from Venice.

**HAWNCH**

*The Fiorella* under Captain Randolfo?

**BALSAM**

That's the one. An excitable fellow, but always open to "encouragement". And glass beads are his domain. Present him with my compliments.

**HAWNCH**

I will, sir.

**BALSAM**

But purchase nothing fancy, mind. No more than fifty pounds.

**HAWNCH**

Bright and colourful... that's what sells.

**BALSAM**

Very good. Master Craven's fresh to the table, with money jingling in his ears. But let's not ruin his dreams, eh? Not yet.

**7. INT. ACROSS THE BATHS**

THE DOCTOR, CONSTANCE AND FLIP HAVE JUST ENTERED.

**FLIP**

Poo... rotten eggs! You'd think they'd do something about the pong.

**DOCTOR**

That's the sulphur from the thermal spring.

**CONSTANCE**

Which is meant to be medicinal.

**DOCTOR**

Oh, it is. Highly efficacious. It does wonders for the muscles.

**FLIP**

O-M-G! They go in fully clothed. Look at them.

**CONSTANCE**

But no one is actually swimming... just walking up and down.

**DOCTOR**

It's called 'taking a turn around the pool'. History, you see... full of surprises... Isn't that worth the trip?

**FLIP**

And I bet they haven't invented chlorine yet.

**DOCTOR**

Invented!

**CONSTANCE**

No, sorry. I draw the line at getting in with them. A small glass in the Pump Room perhaps. But not that.

FX: DISTANT PUG YAPPING.

**FLIP**

Uh, oh, look out. Here comes your boyfriend.

**DOCTOR**

Her boyfriend? Mrs Clarke, what have you been up to?

**BALSAM (APPROACHING)**

Mrs Clarke and Mrs... erm...



**FLIP**

Mrs Ramon.

**BALSAM**

My felicitations.

**DOCTOR**

And I am the Doctor.

**BALSAM**

(IGNORING HIM) You changed your minds, I see.

**CONSTANCE**

I'm sorry?

**BALSAM**

About the waters. Are you taking them after all?

**CONSTANCE**

I don't think so. Not today.

**DOCTOR**

And you are?

**CONSTANCE**

This is Sir Geoffrey Balsam. He "assisted" us outside.

**DOCTOR**

An honour, Sir Geoffrey.

**BALSAM**

Ladies, are you attending the Ball this evening?

**CONSTANCE**

Well, not exactly.

**BALSAM**

But it is the first appearance of the Lady Clara. My sister would never forgive me if we missed that.

**DOCTOR**

Lady Clara? Forgive me. I keep seeing posters, but...

**CONSTANCE**

The Doctor was not able to procure tickets.

**DOCTOR**

She's clearly an important personage. But I have no idea who she is.

**BALSAM**

(CONFIDING) Mrs Clarke... a private word, if I may.

**CONSTANCE**

Of course.

**BALSAM**

Your footman is a bold and trusty fellow, no doubt. But he is also intrusive and acting far above his station. There are rules, y'know.

**CONSTANCE**

Rules?

**BALSAM**

And as for his livery... well, I mean to say... the coat!

**DOCTOR**

My coat? What's wrong with my coat?

**BALSAM**

I mean, Good Lord. Like a detonation in my sister's wardrobe.

**DOCTOR**

A detonation!

**FLIP**

He's The Doctor, Sir Geoffrey. Our Doctor.

BEAT.

**BALSAM**

Mrs Ramon, Mrs Clarke, your pardon. I had no idea that you were both invalids. You both appear hale and healthful. And my apologies to you also, Sir Doctor. (WE MOVE AWAY, FOLLOWING FLIP) You must meet my sister. She is always entertaining some ague or other. (CALLS) Theodosia! Theodosia! Over here!

**FLIP**

(MUTTER) Boring. I've had enough of this.

**CONSTANCE**

Where are you going?

**FLIP**

I need some air. Do you think they do ice creams?

**BALSAM (FURTHER OFF)**

Theodosia!

**CONSTANCE**

I'd better stay. Our 'footman' may need help.

**FLIP**

Right. Best of British on that one.

FX: SHE MOVES AWAY. WE GO WITH HER.

**BALSAM (FURTHER OFF)**

Doctor, may I present my sister, Mrs Middlemint.

**DOCTOR (FURTHER OFF)**

Delighted, Madam.

CONTINUES INTO...

**8. EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE BATHS [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: WATER AND GENTRY MILLING AS BEFORE.

**FLIP**

(TO HERSELF) What a shower.

**CRAVEN**

Good morning, mistress.

**FLIP**

Who me? Oh... (WARY) Hi. Alright?

**CRAVEN**

Titus Craven at your service.

**FLIP**

Okay.

(BEAT)

**CRAVEN**

Most of Bath seems to be here.

**FLIP**

Yeah. Most of the people who count.

**CRAVEN**

And some who never counted in their lives. Are you visiting the city unaccompanied?

**FLIP**

I've just arrived if that's what you mean.

**CRAVEN**

Arrived from?

**FLIP**

From... travelling. All over really. Long haul.

**CRAVEN**

How very... charming.

**FLIP**

But I'm with friends... over there.

**CRAVEN**

Ah. Is that Sir Geoffrey Balsam, owner of the Bristol Brassworks?

**FLIP**

No idea. He just turned up. Twice.

**CRAVEN**

Because I have business with him. A matter of trade, you understand. But a greater pleasure would be to further our acquaintance, Mistress erm..

**FLIP**

What? Oh, no. No, sorry. Not interested, thanks anyway.

**CRAVEN**

But you must have a name. (COMING ON TO HER) No name makes you so much more mysterious.

**FLIP**

And maybe that's my business.

**CRAVEN**

But you will attend the Ball tonight? To see the celebrated Lady Clara – if she gets out of her ditch, that is.

**FLIP**

You lost me. But the Ball... well...

**CRAVEN**

So might I expect a dance set?

**FLIP**

What is this? '*Strictly*'? No, sorry. Not unless you've got spare tickets. It's not just me, you see. I'm not dumping my friends.

**CRAVEN**

A pity.

**FLIP**

Oh, well. Never mind. Some other time, eh? See you.

FX: SHE MOVES ON. CONTINUES INTO...

**9. EXT. THE BATHS [CONTINUOUS]**

(WE STAY WITH FLIP)

**UPPERCLASS MALE BATHER** [WILDTRACK]

(A GRATING SHRIEK FROM AN UPPERCLASS MALE BATHER)

FX: A HEAVY SPLASH.

**OTHER BATHERS** [WILDTRACK]

(LAUGH)

**FLIP**

(SIGHING WITH RELIEF) Struth. It's worse than Walthamstow High Street on a Saturday night.

FX: MRS M'S PUG ERCLEES YAPS CLOSE BY.

**FLIP**

Oo, hello, doggie. Hello. (TO SARAH, WHO'S HOLDING HIM) What's his name?

**SARAH**

He is called Urclees, Madam.

**FLIP**

No, don't call me that. I'm Philippa... Or Flip, as in flipping heck.

**SARAH**

Yes, Mistress.

FX: URCLEES STRUGGLES AND YAPS.

**SARAH**

No, stay still, Urclees.

**FLIP**

Oh, I get it. 'Hercules'.

**SARAH**

Don't know, Madam...

**FLIP**

Is she alright to work for? Sir Geoffrey's sister, I mean?

**SARAH**

I do not "work". I belong to her.

**FLIP**

Oh... Sorry. I didn't mean...

**MIDDLEMINT (DISTANT)**

Sarah! Sarah! Come here, girl!

FX: URCLEES STARTS YAPPING AND SQUIRMING.

**SARAH**

(STRUGGLING) Hold still, will you? Urclees! Oh, no!

FX: A SPLASH AS URCLEES TAKES A DIVE.

CROSS TO:

**10. EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE BATHS [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: DISTANT PUG YAPPING, SPLASHING.

**MIDDLEMINT**

(DISTRESSED) Urclees! Urclees!

**DOCTOR**

Is that your dog, Madam?

**SARAH (DISTANT)**

Urclees! Come back!

**CONSTANCE**

It's her lapdog – gone for a swim.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Oh! Someone save him! Brother! Fetch him out!

**BALSAM**

You there! In the water... save the little fellow!

**BATHERS [WILDTRACK]**

(EXPRESSING DISTASTE)

**FLIP (ARRIVING)**

What did I miss? (AMUSED) It's the sausage roll. Making a break for it.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Urclees!

**BALSAM**

Somebody save him!

**CONSTANCE**

He doesn't need saving.

**MIDDLEMINT:**

My baby!

FX: THE DOCTOR PULLS OFF HIS COAT.

**DOCTOR**

Oh, for pity's sake. Constance, here, hold my coat.

**CONSTANCE**

Got it.



**DOCTOR**

Out of my way, all of you. Hup!

FX: HE JUMPS AND SPLASHES INTO THE POOL.

**BATHERS** [WILDTRACK]

(SURPRISE)

**DOCTOR**

(WADING) Alright, little chap. I'm coming.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Urclees! Stay still!

FX: URCLEES YAPPING, SLASHING.

**DOCTOR**

Come on... hold still, will you? I'm trying to save you.

**BALSAM**

Bravo, sir.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Oh, be careful with him.

**DOCTOR**

That's more like it. Come on. Out we get.

FX: HE WADES TO THE SIDE AND CLIMBS OUT.

**BATHERS** [WILDTRACK]

(EXPRESSING DELIGHT, APPLAUDING)

**CONSTANCE**

Well done, Doctor.

**MIDDLEMINT**

My naughty boy! Come to Mummy.

**DOCTOR**

Here, Madam. Your errant dog.

**BALSAM**

Well swum, sir.

**DOCTOR**

It isn't exactly deep. But thank you.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Sarah, take him. He's all wet.

**SARAH**

Yes, Madam.

**DOCTOR**

There we are.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Naughty, naughty boy. Have a bonbon.

FX: URCLEES YAPS.

**BALSAM**

As for you, slovenly girl. Neglecting your duties like that.

**SARAH**

Master, I am sorry. He struggles, I could not hold him.

**BALSAM**

I should throw you out now. On the streets.

**DOCTOR**

Sir Geoffrey, I'm sure that your servant is blameless. This little chap is quite a handful.

**SARAH**

I tried to stop him, Master.

**BALSAM**

Are you asking to be beaten? My sister has been much distressed.

**MIDDLEMINT**

I have. It's true.

**FLIP**

Actually, Sir Geoffrey, it's my fault.

**DOCTOR**

Philippa?

**FLIP**

Sarah had her hands full with Hercules when I distracted her. It's my fault and I beg your pardon.

**BALSAM**

The girl is lazy and not to be trusted.

**CONSTANCE**

Sir Geoffrey, my good friend Mrs Ramon is a lady of integrity. You cannot doubt her word.

**DOCTOR**

It was an accident that could have happened to anyone. And your doggie is quite safe now. In fact, I suspect he rather enjoyed his adventure. So... no harm done, eh? Mrs Middlemint?

**MIDDLEMINT**

Such a naughty boy. You have half drowned the poor Doctor. Say you're werry sowwy.

**DOCTOR**

Oh, I'll soon dry out.

FX: URCLEES YAPS.

**MIDDLEMINT**

There now. All this trouble. You shall have another bonbon.

**BALSAM**

We are much indebted to you, ladies, Doctor. Please honour us as our guests at the Grand Ball tonight.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Oh, yes. Lady Clara. So exciting.

**DOCTOR**

Madam, we will all be delighted.

**11. INT. THE COLONADES**

FX: STREET BUSINESS.

**CRAVEN (CALLING)**

Nehemiah Hawnych, Captain of *The Worthy*, I presume?

**HAWNYCH**

Who wants to know?

**CRAVEN**

The Honourable Titus Craven. I have an "arrangement" with Sir Geoffrey Balsam.

**HAWNYCH**

He said you was expected this evening.

**CRAVEN**

There are details of the voyage that need amendment.

**HAWNYCH**

Purveyor, that's my job, sir... on Sir Geoffrey's instruction.

**CRAVEN**

But now that I'm his partner, you will take orders from me also.

**HAWNYCH**

Sir Geoffrey says that, does he?

**CRAVEN**

It goes without saying.

**HAWNYCH**

There's orders for dry land, sir, but once we sail, the crew and passengers take orders from me. And those taking exception, land up in a rowboat without a compass.

**CRAVEN**

Run your ship how you like, Captain. But the final word shall be mine. That is what I pay for. My voyage. We shall speak again in Bristol. Good day to you.

**12. INT. THE BALLROOM ENTRANCE**

FX: DISTANT MUSIC AND PARTYGOERS MILLING POLITELY.

**MAJORDOMO** (DISTANT)

Sir Oliver and Lady Astute!

**FLIP**

Do I have to wear gloves?

**DOCTOR**

*De rigueur* I'm afraid, but only in the ballroom. Not at supper.

**FLIP**

That makes all the difference.

**CONSTANCE**

I think one might miss out on the dancing. That would be asking for trouble.

**FLIP**

You and me both. Too complicated. Like line-dancing for grannies.

**MAJORDOMO** (DISTANT)

Sir Roger and Lady Messent!

**DOCTOR**

I once danced a *cotillion* with Jane Austen.

**CONSTANCE**

Name dropper.

**FLIP**

You had to pop that in, didn't you?

**DOCTOR**

She was a very nifty mover. Or will be one day. So... will I do?

**CONSTANCE**

Well, at least you've abandoned the coat.

**DOCTOR**

Breeches not too tight? Quite elegant, I thought.

**FLIP**

I'm still in shock.

**MAJORDOMO**

May I announce you, sir?

**DOCTOR**

Thank you. Our invitations.

**FLIP**

That's pronounced "Ramon".

**MAJORDOMO**

And your name, sir?

**DOCTOR**

Ah... (CONFIDENTIALLY) Sometimes Major, it suits us to move amongst the gentry in disguise.

**MAJORDOMO**

Oh! (GROVELLING) Of course, Your Ma... Sire... sir.  
(ALoud) Mrs Clarke, Mrs Rrramon... and (AHEM) "The Doctor".

**DOCTOR**

Very discreet. Thank you.

**CONSTANCE**

Asking for trouble.

**DOCTOR**

This way, ladies. Come through.

FOLLOW THEM INTO:

**13. INT. THE BALLROOM [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: WE ENTER THE GATHERING. ELEGANT 18<sup>TH</sup> DANCE MUSIC. GUESTS MILLING.

**CONSTANCE**

(QUIETLY) Isn't impersonating a monarch an act of treason?

**DOCTOR**

Everything is open to interpretation.

**CONSTANCE**

Mis-interpretation.

**FLIP**

Don't look now, but here comes your number one fan.

**MIDDLEMINT** (APPROACHING)

Here he is. Our rescuer. Geoffrey, Geoffrey... the Doctor is arrived!

**DOCTOR**

Mrs Middlemint... it is an honour to be your guests.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Oh, Doctor... so *à la mode*.

**DOCTOR**

Well, I try, you know.

**BALSAM**

Mrs Clarke, such elegance.

**CONSTANCE**

Thank you, Sir Geoffrey.

**BALSAM**

And Mrs erm... Robbins too.

**FLIP**

Mrs Ramon.

**BALSAM**

Your pardon. The whole company longs for your acquaintance.

**FLIP**

What time's supper?

**BALSAM**

Regrettably not until Lady Clara has graced us with her presence. And she's already late.

**DOCTOR**

Ah, yes. All Bath is agog, I gather. But I didn't catch her family.

**MIDDLEMINT**

(MYSTIFIED) Family? (SHE KNOWS CLARA IS A RHINO. THE DOCTOR DOES NOT) Ah... haha, well, that would be a surprise. Imagine that.

**BALSAM**

As long as she hasn't brought them with her, eh?!

**MIDDLEMINT**

Oh, brother! Come Doctor, you may ask me to dance.

**DOCTOR**

Well, I...

**BALSAM**

Sister dearest, you have not danced for years. Remember your gouty knee.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Oh tush, silly man. It is suddenly much improved. What harm can one small gavotte do? If the Doctor will only ask.

**DOCTOR**

Mrs Middlemint...

**MIDDLEMINT**

Theodosia, please.

**DOCTOR**

Theodosia, might I have the honour?

**MIDDLEMINT**

(SUDDENLY DEEPLY EFFECTED) Oh sir, you may indeed.

FX: THEY MOVE OFF. A LIVELY GAVOTTE BEGINS.

**FLIP**

I can't look. He'll never get away with it.



**CONSTANCE**

(DISBELIEF) Except that... Good grief. He's rather good. You don't think he actually knows what he's doing.

**BALSAM**

Excuse me, ladies. There is a matter that begs my attention.

**CONSTANCE**

Of course.

(BEAT)

**FLIP**

Oh, no.

**CONSTANCE**

What's happened?

**FLIP**

Don't look, it's that creep I told you about. Titus Craven... just cornered Sir Geoffrey. No, don't look. Keeps hitting on me. I'll see you later.

**CONSTANCE**

Yes, but... Philippa! (SIGHS)

**MIDDLEMINT (DISTANT)**

(LAUGHING) Ooh! Doctor!

CROSS TO...

**14. INT. BALLROOM [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: GAVOTTE CONTINUES.

**BALSAM**

You have your instruction, Craven. And your sea-legs, I hope.

**CRAVEN**

I have travelled before, sir.

**BALSAM**

Just as well. You sail from Bristol in two days. And you'll want to inspect the trade-wares as they're loaded.

**CRAVEN**

As long as the Captain follows my orders. It is a long voyage.

**BALSAM**

As worthy as his ship, that's Captain Hawnch. Ask him yourself.

**HAWNCH**

If I might hintrude, Sir Geoffrey.

**CRAVEN**

Captain.

BEAT.

**BALSAM**

Yes, excuse us, Mr Craven. Some tiresome details to surmount.

**CRAVEN**

Of course, gentlemen. We shall speak later. I have other matters to pursue.

FX: HE GOES.

**HAWNCH**

The runaway, sir. He's been seen close by.

**BALSAM**

Here? In the city?

**HAWNCH**

But my men will soon catch him.

**BALSAM**

Then do it... and with all speed... while the crowd are intent upon the Lady Clara... whenever she deigns to appear.

CROSS TO...

**15. INT. BALLROOM [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: GAVOTTE CONTINUES.

SUDDENLY PHILIP NAYLOR IS AT CONSTANCE'S SIDE.

**NAYLOR**

Good evening, Madam.

**CONSTANCE**

Oh!

**NAYLOR**

Forgive me. I did not mean to startle you.

**CONSTANCE**

No. No. It's fine. Sorry... Reverend?

**NAYLOR**

Philip Naylor at your service.

**CONSTANCE**

Mrs Clarke... Constance. But erm... I'm not dancing if that's what you planned. I'm a bit of a wallflower this evening.

**NAYLOR**

I'm sure there is no obligation. In truth, the gathering makes me uneasy too.

**CONSTANCE**

Let me guess. You'd be happier addressing a congregation.

**NAYLOR**

I am a Preacher, it's true. A Calvinist, but don't alarm yourself. I'm not about to deliver a sermon.

**CONSTANCE**

It wouldn't go down well, would it? It's all airs and graces here.

**NAYLOR**

And few are what they appear.

**CONSTANCE**

That may be truer than you think.

**NAYLOR**

Though there are some in the throng I could heartily condemn.

FX: GAVOTTE ENDS. POLITE APPLAUSE.

**CONSTANCE**

Have you been down from Scotland long?

**NAYLOR**

I travel, preaching where I may. There is much work to do.

**CONSTANCE**

Well, travel certainly opened my eyes.

**NAYLOR**

You see the maid waiting there? She is servant to the lady dancing with that 'macaroni' in the overblown breeches.

**CONSTANCE**

I think you mean my friend the Doctor?

**NAYLOR**

Yet again I offend you.

**CONSTANCE**

No, no, I understand. And the maid's name is Sarah.

**NAYLOR**

When she thinks no-one is watching, she hides fruit in her apron.

**CONSTANCE**

Poor woman. She looks so scared.

**NAYLOR**

No doubt longing for her lost home and freedom. In England, she is just a chattel... a possession. Bought and sold.

**CONSTANCE**

I'm sure it won't always be that way. And her people's life at home is often hard as well.

**NAYLOR**

You know of this?

**CONSTANCE**

(SHARP) Well yes, actually. On my father's land in Africa.

**NAYLOR**

(DISTASTE) Slaves.

**CONSTANCE**

No. Workers. Servants. But not slaves. Never that. Look, it's difficult. You wouldn't understand.

**NAYLOR**

Then what would you call them? Oh, never mind. I began my sermon after all. Please Madam, enjoy yourself. Like all the others, you are only here to see the Brute.

**CONSTANCE**

The "Brute"?

CROSS TO...

**16. INT. BALLROOM [CONTINUOUS]**

**GUESTS** [WILDTRACK]  
(MILLING)

FX: A STAFF RAPS SHARPLY ON THE FLOOR.

**MEER** (SHORT WAY OFF)  
My Ladies and Gentlemen.

**GUESTS** [WILDTRACK]  
(QUIETEN)

**MEER** (SHORT WAY OFF)  
I, Captain Douwemout (DOW-ER-MOOT) Van Der Meer, am the Guardian of our good friend my Lady Clara. Many of you have travelled from afar to meet her this evening. Indeed our own journey from Amsterdam to Bristol and thenceforth to Bath was arduous and unforgiving. We have only just arrived.

**GUESTS** [WILDTRACK]  
(MUTTER)

**BALSAM**  
What's he saying?

**MIDDLEMINT**  
He is preparing for Lady Clara's grand entrance. You know, I heard a rumour the King himself was here. How exciting. But I have not spotted him yet. He could be in disguise.

**DOCTOR**  
Ahem... This 'Lady Clara' must be quite a prodigy to command such attention. What does she do? Sing? Dance? Play the harpsichord?

**MIDDLEMINT**  
Hush, Doctor. Naughty fellow.

**BALSAM**  
Well, tell him to get on with it.

**MEER**  
After such a journey, please understand that Clara is fatigued and unable to appear this evening.

**GUESTS** [WILDTRACK]  
(EXPRESS DISAPPOINTMENT)

**MIDDLEMINT**

Not appearing?

**DOCTOR**

How very unfortunate.

**BALSAM**

There'll be trouble, you see.

**MEER**

Yes, yes. Your disappointment I understand. But Lady Clara will appear tomorrow.

**BALSAM**

(CALLING) With no additional payment!

**MEER**

That's right. Of course. No charges. Tonight she requires rest. But tomorrow...

**GUEST #1**

We return to Plymouth tomorrow.

**GUEST #2**

We journeyed from Cheltenham.

**DOCTOR**

Oh dear, this won't do at all. (HISSES) Mrs Clarke? You play the piano, don't you?

**CONSTANCE**

Well yes, a little, but...

**MEER**

Please. Please stay calm.

**DOCTOR**

Then follow me. Come on.

**GUEST #1**

Where's Lady Clara!

**GUEST #2**

Not tomorrow. Now!

**MEER**

(ANGRY) I can do no more.



**MIDDLEMINT**

He's going. Brother, do something. What will the King think?

**DOCTOR**

(PUSHING THROUGH) Excuse us. Excuse us. Thank you.

(ALoud) Ladies and Gentlemen. Yes, yes. In the event of these unfortunate circumstances, the management has asked me to entertain you with a display of prestidigitational hokus pokus. A little accompaniment please, Mrs Clarke.

**CONSTANCE**

Oh, dear. Erm... right...

FX: CONSTANCE STARTS TO PLAY THE HARPSICHORD.

**DOCTOR**

Thank you. As you can see, Ladies and Gentlemen, I have nothing up my sleeve...

**17. EXT. YARD**

FX: SILENT NIGHT.

**SARAH**

Gorembe? Gorembe? Are you there?

FX: GOREMBE APPEARS, MANACLES CLINKING.

**GOREMBE**

Over here. In the shadows. (EMBRACES HER) Oh, Sarah.

**SARAH**

There is food here... from the table.

**GOREMBE**

Oh, so hungry. (HE BITES AT AN APPLE) Did they see you?

**SARAH**

No. I was careful. Where will you go?

**GOREMBE**

I came for you. We can run together.

**SARAH**

No. They are hunting you. Sir Geoffrey said you hurt a man.  
Burned him!

**GOREMBE**

I did not mean to. I had no choice!

FX: DISTANT FOOTSTEPS.

**SARAH**

(WHISPER) Someone is coming. Hide yourself.

FX: GOREMBE, MANACLES CLINKING, MOVES AWAY.

**FLIP** (APPROACHING)

Sarah? It's okay. It's me, Philippa... Mrs Ramon.

**SARAH**

(SCARED) Mistress, I came outside. There was no air.

**FLIP**

It's alright. I wasn't spying on you. I couldn't stand it inside either. Too hot, and too much unwanted attention. Maybe I'm hiding too. (BEAT) Don't you ever get time off?

**SARAH**

No, mistress. No time of my own. They will come looking for me.

**MEER** (INSIDE THE STABLE)  
(YELLS IN PAIN)

FX: A DOOR CLATTERS ACROSS THE YARD.

**FLIP**

What the...? – Quick, someone's hurt. They may need help.

FX: SHE RUNS ACROSS THE YARD.

**SARAH**

No, mistress.

**FLIP**

It was in here.

FX: THEY PUSH THE DOOR AND GO INSIDE. INTO...

**18a. INT. STABLE [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: FLIP AND SARAH ENTER.

**FLIP**

Ew... Smells like the zoo.

**SARAH**

This is not the smell of horses.

**FLIP**

It's just all hay. Stacks of it.

**SARAH**

I must go. They will miss me.

**MEER**

(GROANS)

**FLIP**

He's there. He's been given a right going-over.

**SARAH**

It is the Dutchman.

**MEER**

(RAMBLING) *Waar is Clara? Waar is zij?* ("WHERE IS CLARA? WHERE IS SHE?")

**FLIP**

It's alright. We'll get help. Did someone attack you?

FX: A DEEP GRUNTING AND HEAVY ANIMAL SNORT.<sup>2</sup>

**FLIP**

(SCARED) What was that? There's something there.

**SARAH**

It is in here. In here with us.

FX: MORE GRUNTING.

**FLIP**

What is? What is it?

FX: LOUD GRUNTING CLOSER.

---

<sup>2</sup> For Rhino sounds see: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PQiGTCWYy5c>

**FLIP**

Come on. Help me get him out. Sarah, help me!

FX: THUDDING FOOTSTEPS.

**SARAH**

(TERRIFIED) Kangu! Kangu! (LINGALA FOR RHINO!)

**FLIP**

Blooming heck!

**SARAH**

Kangu! (SCREAMING) Ayyyyyeeeeee!

**END OF PART ONE**

**PART TWO**

**REPRISE:**

*FX: A DEEP GRUNTING AND HEAVY ANIMAL SNORT.*

***FLIP***

*What was that?*

***SARAH***

*It is in here. In here with us.*

*FX: MORE GRUNTING.*

***FLIP***

*Help me get him out. Help me!*

*FX: LOUD GRUNTING CLOSER.*

***SARAH***

*Kangu! Kangu!*

*FX: THUDDING FOOTSTEPS.*

***FLIP***

*Get back!*

***SARAH***

*Kangu! (SCREAMING) Ayyyyyeeeeee!*

CONTINUES INTO:

**18b. INT. BARN [CONTINUED]**

*FX: HAY BALES CRASH DOWN. WOOD SPLINTERS. CLARA THE RHINO SNORTS.*

***FLIP***

*It's a rhino!*

***SARAH***

*Kangu!*

***MEER***

*(WEAK) Clara...*

**FLIP**

Lady Clara's a rhino!

FX: CLARA SNORTS.

**MEER**

Please. Do not alarm her further.

**FLIP**

We have to get you out. The door's blocked. (SCARED TO TALK TOO LOUD) Sarah... help me with the bales! Sarah!

FX: GOREMBE TRIES TO FORCE THE DOOR FROM OUTSIDE.

**GOREMBE (OUTSIDE)**

Sarah! Are you in there?

**SARAH**

Gorembe! Kangu is here.

**GOREMBE (OUTSIDE)**

Kangu?!

**FLIP**

Careful! The door's stuck. Hang on. (EFFORT — SHIFTING BALES)  
If we can just move these...

**SARAH**

Push at the door, Gorembe.

**GOREMBE (OUTSIDE)**

I am doing that.

FX: HE CONTINUES PUSHING THE DOOR. CLARA SNORTS AND THUDS FORWARD.

**FLIP**

Careful!

**MEER**

No, no, Clara. I am safe. Do not be alarmed.

**FLIP**

She's alarmed. What about me? Tell her I'm trying to help.

**MEER**

She is unsettled.

**FLIP**

I can see that. Come on. Try and lean on me.

**MEER**

I shall try.

**SARAH**

This way, Master.

**MEER**

(WINCES) Uh, my head.

FX: CLARA SNORTS.

**MEER**

No, no, Clara. (TO FLIP) Please. There is an orange in my coat pocket. Can you find it?

FX: DOOR OPENS. GOREMBE ENTERS, MANACLES CLINKING.

**GOREMBE** (ENTERING)

The door is clear. Come away.

**SARAH**

Please sir, make haste.

**GOREMBE**

Sarah, come on.

**FLIP**

Got it.

**MEER**

Then give it to her.

**FLIP**

To the rhino? Right. (TO CLARA - NERVOUS) Here. You want this? Yes? That's right.

FX: CLARA SNAFFLES THE ORANGE.

**MEER**

That's good. Now we go out.



**19. INT. BALLROOM**

FX: TRILLING HARPSICHORD ROLL AS THE DOCTOR FINISHES HIS FINAL MAGIC TRICK.

**DOCTOR**

Slowly... slowly... and now...

FX: HE WHIPS BACK A COVER. HARPSICHORD GIVES A TA-DA FLOURISH.

**GUESTS** [WILDTRACK]

(GASP)

FX: CHICKEN CLUCKS.

**DOCTOR**

The roast chicken is restored. I thank you.

FX: GUESTS APPLAUD.

**GUESTS** [WILDTRACK]

('BRAVO!', ETC)

**MIDDLEMINT**

(THRILLED) Oh, Doctor! He is a boon, is he not, brother?

**BALSAM**

Indeed. Bravo, sir.

**MIDDLEMINT**

A master of delusion. An unblemished beatitude! I hope the King saw.

**BALSAM**

Hush, now, sister.

**MIDDLEMINT**

A veritable parapet of invention! You have saved the day!

**CONSTANCE**

Parapet?

**DOCTOR**

Mrs Middlemint, you are too kind. But desperate times...

**CONSTANCE**

Not that desperate surely.

**DOCTOR**

And I was assisted by the keyboard skills of Mrs Clarke.

**CONSTANCE**

One does one's best.

**DOCTOR**

It's not often we get a chance to show off.

**BALSAM**

Well, I'm ready for me supper. Are you partaking, sister?

**CONSTANCE**

Where's Philippa got to? I bet she's started already.

**DOCTOR**

Mrs Middlemint... Theodosia? Would you accompany me?

**MIDDLEMINT**

Oh, well, yes. I had hoped we might perhaps share a syllabub.

**DOCTOR**

Delightful.

FX: THEY GO.

**BALSAM**

Where's that girl?

**CONSTANCE**

You mean your sister's maid?

**BALSAM**

Never here when she's needed. And who's going to remove that chicken?

FX: FLUTTER OF WINGS AND CLUCKING.

**20. EXT. YARD**

FX: THE DOOR CLATTERS AS FLIP, MEER, SARAH AND GOREMBE EMERGE FROM THE STABLE.

**MEER**

Please close the door. Clara is tired. She will soon settle.

FX: GOREMBE CLOSES THE DOOR.

**FLIP**

Sarah, run and fetch Mrs Clarke. Or the Doctor.

**GOREMBE**

No, Sarah. You do not take orders from her. Come away.

**SARAH**

I cannot leave yet. Mrs Ramon was kind to me. You must stay with her.

**GOREMBE**

People will see. I cannot stay.

**SARAH**

Yes, you can. Keep yourself out of sight. Over there. I will bring Mrs Clarke.

FX: SHE GOES. GOREMBE MOVES AWAY, MANACLES CLINKING.

**MEER**

Madame, I am grateful, most grateful, for your attention. Captain Van Der Meer at your service.

FX: CRAVEN APPROACHES.

**CRAVEN**

Mrs Ramon? What has happened?

**FLIP**

(HARDLY DELIGHTED) Mr Craven. The Captain here was attacked.

**CRAVEN**

Attacked? My dear sir, are you hurt?

**MEER**

You were not so courteous on the road, Mynheer.

**CRAVEN**

Forgive me. I was... ill-served by the moment. But what has happened?

**MEER**

I surprised someone in the stable with Lady Clara. I had left my men to guard her, but no doubt they strayed to the tavern.

**CRAVEN**

And did you see the ruffian?

**MEER**

His face was covered. He struck me down, but he was no brawler. Oh, my Lord. Am I bleeding?

**FLIP**

A bit. Here, use my hanky.

**MEER**

Thank you. (DABBING) Ugh...

**FLIP**

We should get you back inside.

**MEER**

No. I cannot leave Clara tonight.

**CRAVEN**

Mrs Ramon, your friend is a Doctor, is he not?

**FLIP**

I've already sent for help. Thanks.

**CRAVEN**

Excellent.

**MEER**

This place. England. Ungracious and full of mud. I knew I should never have come.

**21. INT. BALLROOM**

FX: DISTANT GUESTS MILLING.

**SARAH**

Mrs Clarke? I have a message from Mrs Ramon.

**CONSTANCE**

From Philippa? Where is she?

**SARAH**

Outside, Madam. She asks if [you will...]

**BALSAM (APPROACHING)**

Sarah! Where have you been? You were not waiting upon your mistress!

**SARAH**

I have a message for Mrs Clarke, Master. From Mrs Ramon.

**BALSAM**

So you run errands for others now!

**CONSTANCE**

Sir Geoffrey, please.

**NAYLOR (APPROACHING)**

Sir, might I intervene?

**BALSAM**

No, sir. You might not.

**CONSTANCE**

It's alright, Mr Naylor. Sarah, what was your message? You can tell me.

**SARAH**

It is the Dutchman, Madam.

**BALSAM**

The Dutchman!

**SARAH**

He has been hurt and needs attention. In the yard. That way.

**CONSTANCE**

Thank you, Sarah. Mr Naylor, I don't suppose you've seen my companion, the Doctor?

**NAYLOR**

Indeed I have. He left a moment ago with the lady.

**CONSTANCE**

The Doctor?

**BALSAM**

With my sister? She has gone?! While you, slovenly girl, were not in attendance!

**SARAH**

I am sorry, Master.

**CONSTANCE**

Do you know where they were going?

**NAYLOR**

I am not sure. Though there was much "speculation".

**BALSAM**

Speculation! Sarah! You have neglected your mistress. I should throw you out.

**NAYLOR**

Sir, no man or woman is your property.

**BALSAM**

She most certainly is, preacher! Traded and paid for. And dammit, I'll do what I like with her! As for that Doctor... what are his intentions towards my sister?!

**22. EXT. YARD**

**MEER**

Clara is the gentlest of behemoths with the sweetest temperament. For fifteen years, she has charmed the crowned heads of Europe.

**CRAVEN**

There was gossip that the King was here tonight. What nonsense.

**MEER**

The King? No-one told me.

**FLIP**

(EDGY) Where's the Doctor got to?

**CRAVEN**

Perhaps he's busy rescuing more dogs.

**FLIP**

Why don't you go and find him then?

**CRAVEN**

And leave you unattended? That ruffian may still be around.

**FLIP**

I can look after myself.

**CRAVEN**

That I can believe. You are all fire. I shall return soon.

**FLIP**

(LYING) Can't wait.

FX: HE GOES.

**MEER**

The bleeding has stopped. (HE STANDS AWKWARDLY) Ooh... I should look in on Clara. She may become distressed again.

**FLIP**

Take it easy. I'll be right here.

FX: HE GOES.

BEAT.

FX: GOREMBE APPROACHES, MANACLES CLINKING.

**GOREMBE**

(WHISPER) Mistress.

**FLIP**

Gorembe? You're on the run, aren't you?

**GOREMBE**

Yes, mistress.

**FLIP**

Someone should look at the shackles on your legs. The Doctor would help.

**GOREMBE**

I cannot stay. There are many bad people here.

**FLIP**

What about Sarah? Is she your...?

**GOREMBE**

She is my wife, yes. Please give her this.

**FLIP**

A medallion? But... It's not stolen, is it?

**GOREMBE**

It is important. They must not find it. They are hunting me.

**FLIP**

They?

**GOREMBE**

Please. Sarah is strong. Much stronger than I.

**FLIP**

Okay. I'll make sure she gets it.

FX: GATES ACROSS THE YARD CLATTER.

WILDTRACK: A GANG OF ROUGH SAILORS ENTERS.

**GOREMBE**

They're here.

**HAWNCH (DISTANT)**

There he is!



**FLIP**

Run, Gorembe.

**HAWNCH** (DISTANT)

Take him!

FX: GOREMBE RUNS.

**SAILORS** [WILDTRACK]

(DESCEND ON GOREMBE. 'GET HIM!', ETC)

**GOREMBE** (OFF)

(YELLS IN PAIN)

**FLIP**

No! Leave him alone! Gorembe!

**HAWNCH** (OFF)

We'll soon beat the gall out of you. Bring him!

**GOREMBE** (OFF)

Get off me! Sarah!

FX: THEY HUSTLE GOREMBE OFF.

**CONSTANCE** (APPROACHING)

Philippa? What's happening?

**FLIP**

Connie!

**CONSTANCE**

Who was that?

**FLIP**

I just stood there. I should have stopped them! Where's the Doctor?

**CONSTANCE**

You may well ask.

**FLIP**

And Sarah?

**CONSTANCE**

In trouble again, poor woman. She said the Dutchman was attacked. Was that the man who did it?

**23. INT. THE STABLE**

CAPTAIN VAN DER MEER CONSOLES CLARA.

**MEER**

Clara... *Liefste*. (LEEF-STER [DEAREST])

FX: CLARA SNORTS.

**MEER**

Yes, I know. I know. It was a shock, but I am much better.

FX: CLARA GRUNTS.

**MEER**

No, I'm sorry. I have no oranges left. (SIGHS) I fear we should never have come. Unreliable, ungrateful. The food is terrible and the people even more tight-fisted than the French.

FX: CLARA STUMBLES, SNORTING TO HER FEET.

**MEER**

Oh, steady. Stay calm, *Liefste*.

FX: CLARA SNORTS.

**MEER**

Sit down again and try to sleep, yes? We will go soon, I promise. And no more visitors.

FX: CLARA SNORTS.

**MEER**

No, stay calm. Please, Clara, stay calm.

**24. EXT. YARD**

**CONSTANCE**

(AMAZED) A rhino?! Lady Clara?

**FLIP**

She's big, built like a tank.

**CONSTANCE**

I've seen them out in the bush, of course. But here?

**FLIP**

She and the Captain – they're on tour... all round Europe. Like an eighteenth century rock star and her manager.

**CONSTANCE**

My goodness.

**FLIP**

Well, there's nothing on TV is there?

**CONSTANCE**

But is she safely tied up? And that man they took... did he attack the Captain?

**FLIP**

No! He's Gorembe. He's Sarah's husband.

**CONSTANCE**

Oh, good grief. Alright. Just stay calm. What are we going to tell her? She's in trouble enough as it is.

**FLIP**

But I should have stopped them. Where's the Doctor? He hasn't really gone clubbing, has he?

FX: A CRASH FROM INSIDE THE BARN.

**MEER (INSIDE)**

Clara! No!

**CONSTANCE**

What's that?

FX: WITH A CRASH, CLARA SMASHES THROUGH THE BARN DOOR AND LUMBERS INTO THE YARD.

**MEER** (EMERGING)

Clara!

**FLIP**

Connie! Look out!

FX: CLARA SNORTS.

**CONSTANCE**

Get back!

**MEER**

Close the gate!

FX: CLARA MOVES OFF AGAIN, LUMBERING STRAIGHT ONTO THE STREET.

**MEER**

Stop her! Clara!

**BALSAM** (HURRYING UP)

By thunder, what a monster!

**CONSTANCE**

She's not African. She only has one horn.

**MEER**

Please, Sir Geoffrey. She must be caught. Fetch her back!

**CONSTANCE**

We need to organise a hunting party.

**BALSAM**

A hunt?! At this hour? Now there's a thought.

**MEER**

Which way did she go?

**BALSAM**

(LAUGHING) Torches, that's what's needed. Someone rouse the Night Watch!

**MEER**

No. Please. Please, no muskets or guns.

**FLIP**

She mustn't be hurt.

**BALSAM**

She's a danger, that's what she is. And a trophy. Oho, imagine that head over the mantel.

**25. EXT. STREET**

FX: DISTANT ALARM BELL CLANGING.

**CRAVEN** (HURRYING UP)  
Captain Hawnch?

**HAWNCH**  
(SLIGHTLY INEBRIATED) Mr Craven. What a pleasure. What's all the jangle?

**CRAVEN**  
That wild brute the Lady Clara has broken loose and is roaming the streets.

**HAWNCH**  
The nosserus? (CHUCKLES) Well...

**CRAVEN**  
Round up your men, Captain.

**HAWNCH**  
Ooh, Mr C. We're headed back to Bristol in the morning. Wouldn't want to miss the tide, would we?

FX: ALARM STOPS.

**CRAVEN**  
I'll make it worth your while. Or are you not up to the chase?

**HAWNCH**  
I've hunted in Africa before... but not for this sort of quarry.

**CRAVEN**  
Take her alive and I'll pay you well.

**HAWNCH**  
Hmm. Well... How much?

**CRAVEN**  
Thirty pounds.

**HAWNCH**  
Thirty?

**CRAVEN**  
Forty then. Come on, Captain.

**HAWNCH**

Well... huh... Alright. So be it.

**CRAVEN**

But alive, understand? If she's dead, she's not worth a penny to me. Or you.

**26. EXT. STREET**

FX: DISTANT DOG BARKS.

**FLIP**

Which way would the Doctor go?

**CONSTANCE**

I've no idea. We could try along the colonnade.

FX: THEY WALK.

**FLIP**

The thing is...

**CONSTANCE**

What thing?

**FLIP**

I mean... if he's finally got himself a hot date... well, wouldn't it be a crime to break it up?

**CONSTANCE**

Is "a hot date" the sort of thing the Doctor goes in for?

**FLIP**

Dunno. Not sure what his type is.

**CONSTANCE**

Mrs Middlemint apparently. Who'd have thought that?

**FLIP**

You're not worrying, are you?

**CONSTANCE**

No. No, of course not. How about you?

**FLIP**

The Doctor? No. He can look after himself.

**CONSTANCE**

Except...

**FLIP**

Yes?

**CONSTANCE**

Well, we don't know what her intentions towards him are either.



FX: NAYLOR APPROACHES.

**NAYLOR**

Ladies!

**FLIP**

Here's your Mr Naylor.

**CONSTANCE**

He's not "mine".

**NAYLOR**

You should take shelter immediately. The streets are not safe.

**FLIP**

Hey, vicar. If you were taking a lady out, where would you go?

**NAYLOR**

A lady?

**CONSTANCE**

You can't be writing sermons all the time. So where would you go?

**NAYLOR**

Well... The Promenade, I suppose?

**CONSTANCE**

At this time of night?

**FLIP**

The tavern?

**NAYLOR**

Certainly not.

**CONSTANCE**

A coffee house then?

**NAYLOR**

That's possible, yes.

**FLIP**

Right. That's where we start. Where's the nearest?

FX: DISTANT CRASH.

**MEN** [WILDTRACK]  
(YELLING ROUGHLY) That way! She's down there!

**CONSTANCE**  
They're getting closer.

**NAYLOR**  
Ladies, take cover now please!

**27. INT. COFFEE HOUSE**

**MIDDLEMINT**

What must His Majesty have thought? If he really was there.

**DOCTOR**

I hope my tricks compensated for his disappointment.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Oh, I'm sure. (AMUSED) Oh, Doctor. My dear brother would not approve.

**DOCTOR**

Of us taking hot chocolate together?

**MIDDLEMINT**

Of the coffee house. I was never inside one before. It is so insalubrious.

**DOCTOR**

Is he really that protective? Then I apologise for leading you astray.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Oh, no. The company is most congenial.

**DOCTOR**

Even if its charms are obscured by other people's pipe smoke.  
(COUGHS OSTENTATIOUSLY)

**MIDDLEMINT**

But the most agreeable sight of all, Doctor, is barely obscured at all.

**DOCTOR**

(AWKWARD) Ahem. What about your brother's business? He seems to be doing well.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Geoffrey? Oh, he owns a brassworks on the outskirts of Bristol.

**DOCTOR**

Really. And what do they make?

**MIDDLEMINT**

Wares for trading overseas. Pots and pans, I think. I have never visited. But in return, he brings cargoes of sugar, tobacco and coffee to England.

**DOCTOR**

Not necessarily from the place where he trades the brass.

**MIDDLEMINT**

I have no idea. He says the detail would worry my head. He's so thoughtful.

**DOCTOR**

But are you happy?

**MIDDLEMINT**

Happy? Oh Doctor, you remind me so much of the late Middlemint.

**DOCTOR**

Your husband?

**MIDDLEMINT**

Oliver died five years ago this August... of the sleeping sickness in Africa. And ever since I have found no contentment.

**DOCTOR**

I am so sorry. You must miss him a lot.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Yes. (BEAT) Oh, la. Why should I complain? My life is all diversion. Callers and gossip and suppers. And my illustrious brother cares for me well enough. So I am comfortable. But you, Doctor, you are the first ever to express any sympathy.

**DOCTOR**

Life, even amongst friends, can be a lonely business. Keeping busy, that's my philosophy.

**MIDDLEMINT**

My dearest Doctor, it is mine also.

BEAT.

**DOCTOR**

And good gracious, look at the time. The night watchman we heard must have been at least twenty minutes slow.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Is it really so late?

**DOCTOR**

Yes, it is. I'd better hail you a sedan immediately.

FX: CRASHES OUTSIDE.

**MEN** [WILDTRACK]  
(SHOUTING, HUNTING CLARA)

**MIDDLEMINT**  
What's happening? There is a rumpus outside.

**DOCTOR**  
The usual roustabouts and roaring boys no doubt.

**MIDDLEMINT**  
How exciting. Shall we see?

**DOCTOR**  
No, no. Home, Theodosia. If I have to escort you myself.

**28. EXT. STREET**

**CROWD** [WILDTRACK]

(MILLING: "HAVE YOU SEEN HER?" / "WHAT'S GOING ON?" ETC)

**MEER**

Clara! Clara! *Liefste!* I am here! I will take you home! I will not let them harm you. Where are you?!

CROSS TO...

**29. EXT. STREET (CLOSE BY)**

**CRAVEN**

Hawrch! Have you seen her?

**HAWRCH**

Not yet, sir. Along the streets by the Pump Room, that's what I heard. We'll soon have her cornered.

**CRAVEN**

Remember – alive. She must be alive!

CROSS TO...

**30. EXT. STREET**

FX: CROWD MORE DISTANT.

**CROWD** [WILDTRACK]  
(MILLING AS BEFORE)

**MEER**  
(DESPERATE) She is lost, Sir Geoffrey. Lost in your confounding streets! She must not be hurt!

**BALSAM**  
She can't stay hidden for long.

**MEER**  
Half the city is out! It is like a fairground. Please. Make these people go home. (SHOUTS) Go home! All of you go! You will fright her the more!

**BALSAM**  
Captain! You're a man of the theatre. Perhaps you should charge them for the spectacle.



**31. EXT. OUTSIDE THE COFFEE HOUSE**

FX: SHOP DOOR CLOSES. NAYLOR APPROACHES.

**CONSTANCE**

Mr Naylor... any luck in the coffee house?

**NAYLOR**

Apparently the Doctor and his Lady stopped briefly for hot chocolate...

**FLIP**

They've gone on somewhere else, haven't they? Great.

**CONSTANCE**

Did they say where?

**NAYLOR**

The owner said that the lady had to pay the bill.

**FLIP**

Oh, Doctor.

**NAYLOR**

But a house in Melville Street was named.

**CONSTANCE**

How far?

**NAYLOR**

Only a few streets away. Towards the Pump Room.

**CONSTANCE**

I assume that's where your friend Sarah will be living too.

**FLIP**

Oh... Sarah. I have something for her.

**CONSTANCE**

Philippa?

**FLIP**

(RUMMAGING) Where is it? I've got it here somewhere. Yes.

FX: SHE PRODUCES THE MEDALLION.

**NAYLOR**

A medallion?

**FLIP**

Gorembe asked me to give it to her. But I never got the chance.

**CONSTANCE**

Before they dragged him away.

**NAYLOR**

The cruelty of God's people.

**FLIP**

He said it was important.

**NAYLOR**

This object was made in Bristol, at Balsam's Brassworks.

**CONSTANCE**

There are initials engraved on it too. Can I just... (SQUINTING)  
O.M. ... and T.B.

**FLIP**

No idea.

**NAYLOR**

But how did Sarah's husband get it?

**FLIP**

Dunno. He's a runaway. He was limping... with these shackle  
things on his legs.

**NAYLOR**

Was he off a ship?

**FLIP**

Couldn't say. But I doubt it. Not recently.

**NAYLOR**

Come on then. There is much that Geoffrey Balsam must answer  
for.

**32. EXT. STREET**

WILDTRACK: CROWD CLOSER AGAIN.

FX: HURDYGURDY PLAYING.

**BALSAM**

Hawnch! By Heaven, this is a night, is it not? It beats huntin' otters any day!

**HAWNCH**

The brute's been seen in the back streets behind the Abbey, headed towards the river.

**BALSAM**

Then what are you waiting for? Head her off. Ten pounds to the man who drags her down.

**HAWNCH**

Only ten, sir. She's a proper levia-ga-than from what I hear.

**BALSAM**

Oh, make it twelve then. But when she's caught, hold her still. I want to finish her off myself.

**33. EXT. DOORSTEP**

FX: NAYLOR KNOCKS LOUDLY AT THE DOOR.

**FLIP**

Suppose there's no-one in?

**CONSTANCE**

It's the only house with lights on.

FX: MOVEMENT INSIDE.

**NAYLOR**

Someone is coming.

**FLIP**

I'm still not sure this is a good idea.

FX: DOOR OPENS.

**SARAH**

Mrs Ramon?

**FLIP**

(UNEASY) Sarah. I know it's late, but is the Doctor here?

**CONSTANCE**

He is our friend. We need to speak to him.

**SARAH**

Yes, Madam. He is with the mistress.

**NAYLOR**

Then please tell him we are here. It is a matter of urgency.

**SARAH**

But she said not to disturb them.

**MIDDLEMINT** (IN AN INNER ROOM)

(SHRIEK OF LAUGHTER) Oh, Doctor!

**NAYLOR**

Maybe we should come back later.

**CONSTANCE**

Not a chance. Where are they? Through here?

FX: SHE MARCHES IN.

**SARAH**

Please Madam, no!

**FLIP**

Sorry. We have to see him.

**MIDDLEMINT (INSIDE)**

(ANOTHER SHRIEK OF LAUGHTER)

FX: INSIDE, URCLEES THE PUG STARTS BARKING.

**MIDDLEMINT (INSIDE)**

Oh, be quiet, Urclees!

**CONSTANCE**

Right then.

FX: CONSTANCE OPENS THE DOOR.

**34. INT. DRAWING ROOM [CONTINUOUS]**

**DOCTOR**

And I'll swap you Mrs Plug the Plumber's Wife for Mr Bun the Baker!

FX: URCLEES YAPPING.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Oh, be quiet, silly boy.

**FLIP**

Doctor!

**DOCTOR**

Philippa? Mrs Clarke? What are you doing here?

**CONSTANCE**

Sorry. Erm... We didn't mean to intrude.

**DOCTOR**

Intrude? Mrs Middlemint and I were only playing a hand of cards.

**MIDDLEMINT**

And I am winning! Imagine that! The dear Doctor is so amusing!

**FLIP**

Yeah... hilarious.

**DOCTOR**

(TOTALLY INNOCENT) Why? Whatever did you imagine?

BEAT.

**MIDDLEMINT**

More guests. I love a houseful. Sarah, fetch some tea at once.

**FLIP**

I'll give you a hand.

**35. EXT. STREET**

HAWNCH AND HIS MEN ARE IN HIDING.

FX: CLARA COMES TRAMPING OUT OF THE DISTANCE.

**HAWNCH**

(MUTTER) Here she comes, lads. The nosserus is coming through. Ropes ready.

FX: CLARA STOMPS CLOSER.

**HAWNCH**

Wait... wait...

BUT CAPTAIN VAN DER MEER EMERGES FURTHER DOWN THE STREET.

**MEER (DISTANT)**

Clara! Over here!

FX: CLARA STOPS.

**HAWNCH**

That tulip-bothering Dutchman!

**MEER (DISTANT)**

Clara! Here, to me!

FX: CLARA SNORTS.

**HAWNCH**

Now! Rope her now!

**MEER (DISTANT)**

No!

FX: THE ROPES FLY. CLARA SNORTS AND RUNS. A STACK OF WOODEN BOXES CRASHES DOWN.

**HAWNCH**

Gah! Missed her!

**MEER (DISTANT)**

You fools! Clara! Come back! (MOVING AWAY) Clara! Clara!

**HAWNCH**

Get after her, lads. Don't lose her again!

**36. INT. KITCHEN**

FX: SARAH LOADS TEACUPS ON A TRAY.

**SARAH**

(DISTRESSED) No, mistress. This is my job.

**FLIP**

I'm trying to talk to you.

**SARAH**

They will hurt Gorembe...

**FLIP**

I had to tell you. I'm sorry.

**SARAH**

They have taken him away. And that will be an end of him. Because they are our masters.

FX: SHE MOVES CUPS AGAIN.

**FLIP**

Not all. Some of us want to help.

**SARAH**

You know nothing. You do not even notice.

**FLIP**

Sarah... Gorembe asked me to give you this. This medallion.

**SARAH**

Ah...

FX: SARAH TAKES THE MEDALLION.

**FLIP**

I don't know what it means.

**SARAH**

He gave you this?

**FLIP**

Yes. For you. Is the inscription important?

**SARAH**

It is from him.



FX: NAYLOR ENTERS.

**NAYLOR**

Mrs Ramon?

**FLIP**

Not now.

**NAYLOR**

If I can help, I will. (BEAT) Sarah, where did they take your husband? Is it back to the Brassworks? (BEAT) How many others are forced to work there?

**SARAH**

Too many.

**FLIP**

Are they slave workers? Is that how it works? Because it's run by Sir Geoffrey.

**NAYLOR**

Take this, Sarah. It is a prayer book. Come to my meetings if you can. With God's help, we shall do all we can to stop this abomination.

**SARAH**

But sir... I cannot read.

**37. INT. DRAWING ROOM**

**DOCTOR**

You thought that I could capture a runaway rhinoceros?!

**CONSTANCE**

It's dangerous. People could be hurt.

**DOCTOR**

Well, that's very flattering. I can be dangerous too, you know.

**CONSTANCE**

And the Captain is very upset.

**DOCTOR**

Aren't I allowed even one evening off? Mrs Middlemint and I were simply...

**CONSTANCE**

I'm sorry.

**MIDDLEMINT**

No, Doctor. You must go. You are needed.

**DOCTOR**

Theodosia, please.

**MIDDLEMINT**

I have relished every moment. And we can always do this again.

**DOCTOR**

(LYING) Well... yes. Yes, of course.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Thank you. Urclees and I can hardly wait.

**DOCTOR**

Right then. I'm ready. What do we know about the fabled Lady Clara?

FX: DOOR OPENS.

**FLIP (ENTERING)**

(FLATLY) She tours Europe.

**CONSTANCE**

Philippa? Are you okay?

**FLIP**

I'm fine. Clara's very gentle... usually. Sorry, not much help.

**MIDDLEMINT**

She loves oranges.

**DOCTOR**

Really?

**MIDDLEMINT**

I read it in a pamphlet.

**DOCTOR**

Ah, the joys of advance publicity.

**MIDDLEMINT**

I only noticed because my brother has a whole Orangery full.

**CONSTANCE**

Of oranges? Gosh.

**MIDDLEMINT**

At the back. Overlooking the parterre.

**DOCTOR**

Mrs M, you are an unqualified genius! Thank you!

**MIDDLEMINT**

(ECSTATIC) Oh... And I thank you, 'Mr Drudge the Doctor', from the bottom of my fluttering heart.

**38. EXT. STREET**

FX: CLARA SNORTS AT A DISTANCE.

**BALSAM**

(MUTTER) Oho... there she is, Hawnych. Nowhere to run. Ripe for the kill. What a beauty.

**HAWNCH**

Ready, lads? On my mark.

**CRAVEN**

One moment. You recall what I told you, Captain? Take her alive.

**BALSAM**

Mr Craven? You're rising above your station, sir. Hawnych works for me. And I say, the brute is my trophy.

**CRAVEN**

But the Captain and I have reached an agreement. Did he not say? The rhinoceros is mine.

**BALSAM**

Hawnych? Are you lining both your pockets?

**HAWNCH**

I'm not party to the disputes of gentlemen, sir. I merely follow orders. So does the nosserus live or die?

**DOCTOR (DISTANT)**

(CALLING) Lady Clara?

**CRAVEN**

What the deuce?

**DOCTOR (D)**

Here. Over here.

**BALSAM**

It's that Doctor. What's he doing?

**CRAVEN**

And Mrs Ramon is with him.

**BALSAM**

This is our sport. How dare he interfere? She'll be the very death of them!

**40. EXT. ALONG THE STREET**

THE DOCTOR ENTICING CLARA, PLACING ORANGES ALONG THE STREET.

**DOCTOR**

Is she taking the oranges?

FX: CLARA SNAFFLES.

**FLIP**

She certainly is.

**DOCTOR**

Strategically placed. Not too close together. But enough to draw her on.

**FLIP**

Come on, Clara.

FX: CLARA PLODS FORWARD.

**DOCTOR**

That's it, old girl. There's another one here.

FX: CLARA SNAFFLES.

**FLIP**

Here's Connie.

**CONSTANCE** (APPROACHING)

Mr Naylor and I found Captain Van Der Meer.

**MEER**

Oh, *mijn God* (MINE HOT)! Clara!

**DOCTOR**

Not too close. Come on, Clara. That's right.

**CONSTANCE**

I see it's working.

FX: CLARA SNORTS.

**DOCTOR**

Here, Clara. Here's another.

**MEER**

Is this the Doctor?

**CONSTANCE**

It is.

**DOCTOR**

Good evening, Captain.

**MEER**

By Heaven, oranges are her favourite. How did you know?

**CONSTANCE**

The joys of advance publicity.

**MEER**

Of course. I thank you, Mynheer. Might I take over?

**DOCTOR**

My absolute pleasure.

**MEER**

Clara, come along. This way. Look, more oranges.

FX: CLARA TRAMPS FORWARD.

**MEER**

Those barbarians were trying to catch her – to do who knows what.

**CONSTANCE**

I'd better find Mr Naylor.

**FLIP**

Don't 'dally' too long.

FX: CONSTANCE GOES.

**FLIP**

Second left, Captain.

**MEER**

Thank you. Here, Clara.

**FLIP**

That leads back to the yard and her wagon.

**MEER**

Where she will be safe.

**41. EXT. THE STREET (FURTHER BACK)**

**CONSTANCE** (APPROACHING)

Mr Naylor. There you are.

**NAYLOR**

Look at them all, slavering like a disappointed dog pack.

**CONSTANCE**

Not now. Stay with the Doctor.

**NAYLOR**

There's that devil Balsam.

**FLIP** (DISTANT)

Connie! Come on!

**NAYLOR**

Your friends are waiting. I want words with him. Go on.

**CONSTANCE**

Please be careful.

FX: NAYLOR HEADS TOWARDS BALSAM'S GROUP.

**NAYLOR**

Sir Geoffrey!

**BALSAM**

You again, priest! Don't you ever tire of your preaching?

**NAYLOR**

You have a maid named Sarah, do you not? You already know her husband.

**BALSAM**

What is this?

**NAYLOR**

How much to buy her freedom?

**BALSAM**

Hah! More than you can croak up, that's for certain.

**NAYLOR**

You sir, are one corner of the three-faced trade that shames all creation - the currency of human souls.

**BALSAM**

It is neither secret nor shameful.

**NAYLOR**

And I shall work to see that vile traffic destroyed.

**BALSAM**

Away, sir. Begone!

**NAYLOR**

I saw a piece of yours today – a brass medallion marked with the initials T.B. and O.M.

**BALSAM**

(ALARMED) What's that? Where?

**NAYLOR**

Now who, Sir Geoffrey, could those poor souls be?!



**42. EXT. YARD**

CAPTAIN VAN DER MEER USHERS CLARA INTO HER WAGON.

**MEER**

Home again, Clara. That's right, *Liefste*, up you go into your wagon.

FX: CLARA LUMBERS UP SOME PLANKS.

**DOCTOR**

Well done, Captain. Another crisis averted.

**MEER**

My thanks, Doctor. She is a homely soul. She would have come back on her own, had she not lost her way.

FX: HE CLOSES THE WAGON GATE.

**FLIP**

Can I give her the last oranges?

**MEER**

She would like that. And now I must seek out my drunken retinue.

**FLIP**

Clara? Here you are.

**DOCTOR**

May I walk with you?

**MEER**

Of course.

**DOCTOR**

Constance, will you join us?

**CONSTANCE**

I was waiting for Mr Naylor. But yes, I'll come.

**DOCTOR**

(CALLS) Philippa?

**FLIP**

Won't be long.

**43. EXT. THE STREET**

FX: DOCTOR, CONSTANCE, MEER WALK. A DISTANT CHURCH CLOCK CHIMING THREE.

**DOCTOR**

Captain, I misjudged your intentions, for which I apologise. Clara is obviously well cared for.

**CONSTANCE**

(CONCERNED) Doctor, look. Further along the street.

**MEER**

What? Where?

**CONSTANCE**

There! I think it's a body!

FX: SHE STARTS TO RUN.

**DOCTOR**

Constance, wait!

FX: SHE REACHES THE FIGURE.

**CONSTANCE**

Mr Naylor!

**NAYLOR**

(GASPS) Forgive me...

FX: THE DOCTOR AND MEER RUN UP.

**DOCTOR**

Careful. Don't move him.

**MEER**

God in Hemel... (GOD IN HEAVEN)

**CONSTANCE**

He's bleeding. What happened?

**DOCTOR**

He's been stabbed.

**NAYLOR**

Mrs Clarke... Constance...

**CONSTANCE**

Philip.

**NAYLOR**

(GIVES A FINAL CHOKING GASP)

**CONSTANCE**

(GASPS)

**DOCTOR**

Constance, I'm sorry.

**CONSTANCE**

(QUIETLY) No...

**44. EXT. YARD**

FLIP FEEDING CLARA.

**FLIP**

Come on then. Last orange.

FX: THE WAGON CREAKS.

**FLIP**

Who's that?

FX: CRAVEN GRABS HER, SHE STRUGGLES.

**CRAVEN**

(LIFTING HER) Good morning, Mrs Ramon.

**FLIP**

Get off me!

**CRAVEN**

Into the wagon with you!

**FLIP**

Get off! Ow!

(HE THROWS HER INTO THE WAGON AND SLAMS THE DOOR)

**FLIP (INSIDE)**

Let me out! (BANGS ON DOOR) Let me out, Craven! (CONTINUES BANGING)

**CRAVEN**

Driver! The road to Bristol if you please! I'll be right behind you.

FX: A WHIP CRACKS. THE WAGON MOVES OFF.

**FLIP (INSIDE)**

Let me out! Doctor!

**CRAVEN**

Two birds... one shot. How mercifully simple that was.

**END OF PART TWO**

**PART THREE**

**REPRISE:**

**FLIP** (INSIDE)

*Let me out! (BANGS ON DOOR) Let me out, Craven! (CONTINUES BANGING)*

**CRAVEN**

*Driver! The road to Bristol if you please! I'll be right behind you.*

*FX: WHIP CRACKS. WAGON MOVES OFF.*

**FLIP** (INSIDE)

*Let me out! Doctor!*

**CRAVEN**

*Two birds... one shot. How mercifully simple that was.*

**45. EXT. STREET**

*FX: DISTANT DOG BARKS. A HANDCART IS PULLED SLOWLY AWAY.*

**CONSTANCE**

*(IN SHOCK) Where will they take the Reverend?*

**DOCTOR**

*I'm not sure. The Night Watch must deal with sudden deaths all the time.*

**CONSTANCE**

*But then what happens? He must have a family. Shouldn't they be told? He was from Edinburgh, I think.*

**DOCTOR**

*Constance, I really don't know. Come on, you're getting cold. We need to fetch you a coat. And Philippa must be wondering where we are.*

*FX: THEY WALK SLOWLY.*

**CONSTANCE**

*Mr Naylor was going to challenge Geoffrey Balsam...*

**DOCTOR**

Theodosia's brother?

**CONSTANCE**

About his involvement with the slave trade. Of course he's to blame.

**DOCTOR**

That's a serious charge. Besides, a man of Balsam's standing would never stoop so low.

**CONSTANCE**

A man who trades in people?

**DOCTOR**

He'd employ someone else to do it for him.

**CONSTANCE**

Oh. Well, yes. The Reverend Mr Naylor... Philip... he was a good man... but difficult... and driven.

**DOCTOR**

And very angry.

**CONSTANCE**

What do you expect? But he did help Philippa get the medallion to Sarah.

**DOCTOR**

A medallion? What medallion? Why didn't you tell me?

**CONSTANCE**

You were otherwise engaged.

**DOCTOR**

Ah...

**CONSTANCE**

The medallion came from Balsam's Brassworks. Sarah's husband gave it to Philippa. He's a runaway slave, but they recaptured him.

**DOCTOR**

I have been missing out. Anything else?

**CONSTANCE**

The medallion was engraved with two initials, intertwined. O.M. and T.B.

**DOCTOR**

O.M. and T.B.?

**MEER** (DISTANT)

Doctor!

**DOCTOR**

Now what? Captain Van Der Meer?

**CONSTANCE**

What's happened?

**MEER**

(DISTRESSED) Clara's wagon. It has gone. Stolen away!

**DOCTOR**

With Clara on board?

**MEER**

Yes. This country! Nothing is safe!

**CONSTANCE**

But Philippa was with her too!

**46. INT. SIR GEOFFREY'S HOUSE — HALL**

FX: MRS MIDDLEMINT'S BELL TINKLES A ROOM AWAY.  
SARAH HURRIES DOWN THE STAIRS.

**SARAH**

Coming, Mistress.

**BALSAM**

Sarah!

**SARAH**

(GASPS)

**BALSAM**

(MENACING) What are you doing?

**SARAH**

The Mistress called me, sir.

**BALSAM**

Wait. Who was here last night?

**SARAH**

The Mistress had guests. The Doctor, Mrs Ramon and Mrs Clarke.

**BALSAM**

And that ranting priest?!

FX: MRS M'S BELL TINKLES AGAIN.

**SARAH**

I am called, sir.

**BALSAM**

I found this medallion amongst your belongings. It was stolen from my desk at the Bristol works. How did you get it? Well?

**SARAH**

It belonged to Mr Middlemint, the Mistress's husband, 'sir'. Unless you give my own husband, Gorembe, his freedom, I will tell all the world how Mr Middlemint died.

FX: HE GRABS HER.

**BALSAM**

Who have you told, eh? Hold me to ransom, was that the plan?



**SARAH**

I would not tell you.

**BALSAM**

Don't forget. I have Gorembe. Utter one word and I'll have him flogged to death. And you too.

FX: DOOR OPENS. MRS MIDDLEMINT EMERGES.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Sarah! Why the delay? Bring Urclees' breakfast.

**SARAH**

Mistress.

**BALSAM**

No. Stay there.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Sarah, fetch the breakfast.

**BALSAM**

I said, wait! Sister, I found this book under the girl's bedding.

**MIDDLEMINT**

A prayer book?

**BALSAM**

It's plainly stolen. It belongs to the Calvinist...

**MIDDLEMINT**

The Reverend Mr Naylor? He was here last night. With the Doctor.

**BALSAM**

He was attacked last night. Left bleeding in the street.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Oh, my Lord.

**BALSAM**

And this slattern must be involved.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Oh...

**BALSAM**

How else did she come by the book?

**SARAH**

No. It's not true. He gave it to me.

**BALSAM**

She should be confined. Locked away so no-one hears her poison.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Oh, that poor Mr Naylor.

**SARAH**

Don't touch me! All the world shall know about you!

**BALSAM**

Come here!

FX: SHE KNEES HIM.

**BALSAM**

(GASPS) Oof!

FX: URCLEES STARTS BARKING. SARAH RUNS, FLINGS OPEN THE FRONT DOOR AND FLEES.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Geoffrey! Stop her! Stop her!

**BALSAM**

(WINDED) Uh... Od's bodkin! Pack your things, sister. We are leaving!

**47. EXT. YARD**

**MEER**

(ANGRY) Why do these men of the Watch never listen?

**CONSTANCE**

I'm sure they do.

**MEER**

They are more concerned about a street killing. My Clara is still alive!

**CONSTANCE**

(ANNOYED) Oh, you explain, Doctor. Before I... oh!

**DOCTOR**

Captain, it wasn't a common brawl. The victim was a preacher. And a friend of Mrs Clarke.

**MEER**

Ah... then I regret my remarks. But this thief must be caught! And who will feed Clara? Only I know her needs.

**DOCTOR**

Captain...

**MEER**

I shall go to London. I shall speak with the King himself!

**DOCTOR**

London isn't just up the road, you know. And Flip's missing too.

**CONSTANCE**

The stable boy says the wagon took the Bristol road. And it was followed by a carriage.

**MEER**

Exactly. The only other carriage in the yard. It passed us on the road here. It belonged to a dissolute young fellow: the 'honourable' Titus Craven.

**DOCTOR**

Dissolute? Flip would never go off with someone like that.

**CONSTANCE**

She may not have had a choice. She said he was 'hitting' on her all day. Oh... was it him who attacked you in the stable?

**MEER**

I am sure of it.

**DOCTOR**

Constance, this is my fault. So who do I deal with first? Flip or Mrs M's extremely disreputable brother?

**CONSTANCE**

That isn't a choice either.

**DOCTOR**

We could follow in the TARDIS... but suppose I overshoot and we land on last year, or the dank side of Aqua Centauri?

**CONSTANCE**

Doctor, Philippa needs us now!

**DOCTOR**

'Now' as such is a very divisive concept. Captain... I have a large blue box parked just around the next corner. Could your men load it onto one of your carts?

**MEER**

I believe so, yes.

**CONSTANCE**

Philippa, Doctor!

**DOCTOR**

Thank you, Captain. Please give us an hour. Mrs Clarke and I have a pressing matter to deal with.

**48. INT. WAGON**

FX: THE WAGON RATTLING ON.

FLIP AND CLARA TRAVELLING. BOTH SLUMPED ON THE FLOOR.

**FLIP**

Clara? Here, this is the last orange. Try not to eat it all at once.

FX: CLARA SNAFFLES THE FRUIT.

**FLIP**

(SIGHS) Never mind. (BEAT) (SHOUTS) Oi, driver! You listening? Your shipment needs feeding and a drink. And if she doesn't get something, she'll get angry... and so will I!

FX: WAGON LURCHES.

**FLIP**

Ow! Do you want us in one piece or not?!

(TO CLARA) How did you get into this business anyway? I mean, I know you're very sweet, but you don't actually do much, do you? You don't do tricks or give rides or juggle oranges. You just stand while people come and stare.

Is that what'll happen to me? Put on display for posh people to poke at? And when did you last see another rhino?

FX: WAGON STOPS.

**FLIP**

What's happening? Are we there?

FX: FOOTSTEPS APPROACH OUTSIDE.

**CRAVEN** (OUTSIDE)

(CALLING) Mrs Ramon? I have refreshment for you.

**FLIP**

Clara needs food. And cleaning out. Are you listening, slimebag?!

**CRAVEN**

When you have tamed your temper, Madam, that's when I shall let you out.

**FLIP**

Fine. We'll see who blinks first. Where are we going?

**CRAVEN**

Not far now. You may be less stubborn when you hear what I have to offer. Walk on, driver. I shall be following.

FX: WHIP CRACKS. WAGON MOVES OFF.

**49. INT. BALSAM'S HOUSE- HALL**

FX: RESONANT. MOSTLY CLEARED OUT. FRONT DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

**DOCTOR**

Hello? Anyone about?

FX: HE AND CONSTANCE STEP INSIDE.

**CONSTANCE**

No-one here. They've upped sticks. The whole household. That was quick.

**DOCTOR**

Sir Geoffrey's got the wind up. He's scared.

**CONSTANCE**

Which proves his guilt.

**DOCTOR**

It certainly suggests that.

FX: CONSTANCE WALKS IN FURTHER.

**CONSTANCE**

So can we go now?

FX: A THUMP FROM AN INNER ROOM.

**DOCTOR**

Someone in the dining room.

FX: HE STRIDES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT, INTO...

**48. INT. DINING ROOM [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: DOOR OPENS. DOCTOR AND CONSTANCE ENTER.  
THE CURTAIN MOVES.

**CONSTANCE**

Behind the curtain.

**DOCTOR**

Come on. We know you're there.

FX: SARAH PULLS THE CURTAIN BACK.

**DOCTOR**

Sarah.

**SARAH**

(TERRIFIED) Please, master. Do not harm me.

**CONSTANCE**

Sarah, it's Mrs Clarke and the Doctor. We won't hurt you.

**SARAH**

They will take me away. The Watch are hunting me down. Please, master. I did not kill anyone.

**DOCTOR**

Is that what they're saying?

**SARAH**

I ran away. I had to hide. Don't let them take me.

**CONSTANCE**

Of course not. You'll be safe with us.

**DOCTOR**

But you still came back. Why was that? And where have they gone?

**CONSTANCE**

Doctor, don't bully!

**DOCTOR**

It's important.

**SARAH**

They have gone back... back to the Bristol house.



**DOCTOR**

All of them? Mrs Middlemint as well?

**SARAH**

Yes, master.

**CONSTANCE**

Well, that's good, isn't it? (POINTEDLY) Because we'll be heading that way ourselves. Very soon.

**DOCTOR**

Mrs Clarke says you have a brass medallion... from your husband. May I see it?

**SARAH**

(WEEPING) No, sir. Not no more. Sir Geoffrey took it back. We are all his property.

**CONSTANCE**

Sarah, no-one belongs to anyone except themselves.

**DOCTOR**

But it's evidence. The initials: T.B. and O.M., yes? Theodosia Balsam and Oliver Middlemint. The late Oliver Middlemint.

**SARAH**

(WEEPS)

**CONSTANCE**

Not now, Doctor. Sarah, we'll look after you. You can come with us.

**SARAH**

But they are hunting me. And I shall never see Gorembe again.

**DOCTOR**

Oh, we'll soon sort that out, don't worry. You can walk out straight under their noses. I don't suppose you have a spare periwig lying about the house?

MUSIC SEGUE.

**51. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BALSAM'S HOUSE [SHORT TIME LATER]**

FX: FRONT DOOR OPENS.

**CONSTANCE**

It's alright. No-one about.

FX: THE DOCTOR, CONSTANCE AND SARAH EMERGE.

**DOCTOR**

Come along 'Diogenes', smartly does it.

**SARAH**

The coat is too big. And too colourful.

**DOCTOR**

I've always found it rather flattering.

**SARAH**

They will recognise me.

**CONSTANCE**

You look like a proper footman. No-one will know.

**DOCTOR**

Just keep your head down and walk behind us.

FX: THEY START WALKING. COBBLED STREETS.

**DOCTOR**

It's not far back to the yard. And if the Captain's managed to load the TARDIS, we can set off for Bristol immediately.

FX: THEY WALK FOR A MOMENT. DISTANT FOOTSTEPS OF 2 PEOPLE FOLLOWING.

**CONSTANCE**

Doctor, someone's following us.

**DOCTOR**

Just keep walking. Don't run.

**SARAH**

(SCARED) It is the Watch.

**CONSTANCE**

Oh. Well, that's good, isn't it?

**SARAH**

No. Sir Geoffrey is one of their chiefs.

**CONSTANCE**

You mean they're in his pay?

**DOCTOR**

That explains why Mr Naylor's body vanished so quickly.

**CONSTANCE**

(REPULSED) Oh, Doctor...

**DOCTOR**

No, don't look.

FX: MORE FOOTSTEPS NOW AND A RUMBLING HANDCART.

**CONSTANCE**

They have that handcart. There's more of them now. They mean business.

**DOCTOR**

Keep walking. The yard's round the next corner.

FX: A STONE CLATTERS ON THE ROAD.

**CONSTANCE**

Ouch! They're throwing stones.

**SARAH**

They know it is me.

**WATCHMEN [WILDTRACK]**

(LOW JEER)

FX: MORE STONES CLATTER.

**DOCTOR**

Don't run. Here's Captain Van Der Meer.

**MEER (DISTANT)**

Doctor! Your box is loaded. (SEES THE MOB) What is happening?

**CONSTANCE**

We'll never get out of the city.

**DOCTOR**

Time for a change of plan.

**MEER** (CLOSER)

Who are these ruffians?

**DOCTOR**

Law enforcement officers... allegedly. Up on the cart, all of you.

**WATCHMEN** [WILDTRACK]

(LOUDER JEERS)

FX: STONES CLATTER REPEATEDLY.

**CONSTANCE**

The TARDIS? Ow!

**SARAH**

I do not understand.

**MEER**

Neither do I!

**DOCTOR**

Just do it! You too, Captain. The door's round the back.

FX: THEY CLAMBER UP.

**CONSTANCE**

Come on, Sarah!

**SARAH**

You are mad people!

**MEER**

Into that box?! Oh, no, no.

**DOCTOR**

Trust me!

**CONSTANCE**

It'll be alright. Hurry, Doctor!

FX: HE FITS THE KEY. STONES CLATTER ROUND THEM.

**WATCHMEN** [WILDTRACK]

Get 'em! Get the bleeders!

**DOCTOR**

In you go!

FX: THEY BUNDLE INSIDE. THE DOOR SLAMS.  
THE TARDIS ENGINES HEEHAW INTO DEMATERIALISATION MODE.  
HORSES NEIGH AS IT VANISHES.

CROSS FADE INTO:

**52. EXT. BRISTOL QUAYSIDE**

FX: GENERAL BUSTLE. SEAGULLS IN THE DISTANCE. CRAVEN DRAWS THE BOLT ON THE WAGON DOOR.

**CRAVEN**

Mrs Ramon! We have arrived in Bristol, madam. You may step down from your carriage now. (BEAT) Mrs Ramon? I bear you no malice. Please understand that. I can arrange comforts and a bath for you. Please step down. (ANNOYED) Mrs Ramon!

(BEAT)

**FLIP**

(DEFIANT) The Doctor won't be long now. He'll be here any minute!

**CRAVEN**

(ANNOYED) Stay there then. I have matters to conclude. We shall remonstrate again later.

FX: HE SLAMS THE DOOR AGAIN AND THROWS THE BOLT.

**53. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM**

FX: TARDIS HUM.

**DOCTOR**

Mtela Mokeni? Well, that's a new name.

**SARAH**

Are you not he? The vulture king whose wings of night blot out the sun?

**DOCTOR**

No, I am not. Nor am I the Great Deliverer, nor the Ferryman.

**CONSTANCE**

We had wondered.

**DOCTOR**

Oh, don't you start.

**CONSTANCE**

No, we had really.

**DOCTOR**

Now please get up, Sarah.

**MEER**

This is still extraordinary.

**DOCTOR**

Captain?

**MEER**

I have no idea who you are, but if this place is a magical illusion, you could make a fortune touring it around the courts of Europe.

**DOCTOR**

The TARDIS is quite solid, Captain. (RAPS THE CONSOLE) And I've been touring for years.

**SARAH**

Gorembe would laugh if I told him. But the Watch still know we are here.

**CONSTANCE**

Not exactly. They're a long way away by now... one hopes.

**DOCTOR**

That's the tricky part of travelling in space without the time element. Forgive me if we stray a little.

**CONSTANCE**

The dank side of where did you say?

**MEER**

We are travelling?

**DOCTOR**

We are. And we should be in Bristol well before Mr Craven.



**54. INT. BRISTOLIAN TAVERN**

FX: A ROWDY DOCKSIDE VENUE. SOME PRETTY ROUGH TRADE HERE.  
HAWNCH RUSTLING HIS SHIP'S MANIFEST.

**HAWNCH**

Two hundred bolts of cloth from Manchester, glass beads from Italy, stoneware...

**CRAVEN**

And brassware from Balsam's works along the gorge.

**HAWNCH**

Kettles, pots and copper rods. Manilla bracelets, which the Hafricans use as money.

**CRAVEN**

And these are traded for good, healthy men and women.

**HAWNCH**

Oh, yes. No infants or old ones. They'd never endure the voyage.

**CRAVEN**

I only want the best. What I've paid for.

**HAWNCH**

There'll be plenty to choose from when we reach Old Calabar. The slavers from upcountry are fighting for attention. (FOLDS UP THE MANIFEST) We load the supplies tonight, once the tide allows *The Worthy* up to the quay. And we sail at dawn.

**CRAVEN**

One more provision, Captain. I shall be joined on the voyage by another passenger. Also, another item of livestock.

**HAWNCH**

A large item, I take it, sir.

**CRAVEN**

Both will stay on board for the first two legs of the voyage – to Africa, then Jamaica. I gather the livestock has a fondness for beer and eats oranges and hay... so you'll need a supply.

**HAWNCH**

Oho, Mr Craven. This is late in the day.

**CRAVEN**

But my father taught me that the English mariner is a man of infinite resource. You'll find a way.

**HAWNCH**

It forces the cost, d'you see? Another two hundred guineas at least. And you'll lose space for stowing the men purchased at Calabar.

**CRAVEN**

Then pack 'em tighter! Do you want the business or not?!

**55. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM**

FX: TARDIS HUM.

**SARAH**

Gorembe and me, we were sold to the slavers by our King... a cruel, bad man. My brothers were sold also. They made us walk many days to the great port by the sea. But my brothers went on a different ship. I will never see them again.

**CONSTANCE**

Sarah, I am sorry. But it will change one day, I promise you.

**SARAH**

Me and Gorembe were herded like cattle, chained into a dark prison ship and carried away from home to cold England.

**DOCTOR**

Human beings traded for pots and pans and weapons. Surely one of this world's worst abominations.

**SARAH**

They say we are lucky to be here. But the sky is not blue and the earth is not red.

**MEER**

The Caribbean – that is where your brothers will have been taken, for sale to the plantation owners.

**DOCTOR**

And then the same ships bring sugar, coffee and tobacco grown by the slaves, back to sell in England. That's how it goes, in a vile circle.

**CONSTANCE**

Philip Naylor died for denouncing the slave trade.

**MEER**

I see this in every land we visit. It is the nature of man. The strongest crushes the weak.

**DOCTOR**

Sarah, yesterday I drank hot chocolate in a well-to-do coffee house. How many lives did that cost, do you think? There are good people here too, but the slave trade is England's dark heart. And it won't be abolished for another fifty years. I cannot change that.

**SARAH**

All I want is to find Gorembe.

FX: RUMBLE AND GRINDING OF DEMATERIALISATION BEGINS.

**DOCTOR**

And we're happy to help. I think that's the least we can do.

**56. INT. CLARA'S WAGON**

FX: DISTANT PORT BUSTLE. CRAVEN OPENS THE WICKER DOOR.

**CRAVEN**

I brought you some food.

**FLIP**

Talk any louder and you'll wake Clara. She'll be hungry too.

FX: SHE STANDS AND RUSTLES CLOSER.

**CRAVEN**

Mrs Ramon, you must forget your past.

**FLIP**

No chance.

**CRAVEN**

I have much to commend me: breeding and looks.

**FLIP**

I hope you and your mirror are very happy together. Just leave off pestering me.

**CRAVEN**

I have recently inherited my father's substantial estate and fortune. Both here and overseas.

**FLIP**

Aren't you the lucky one?

**CRAVEN**

I can offer you a new life, away from the cold and the grey... in a new land with a house and servants... as my wife on my plantations in Jamaica. You will be a lady of property. You will want for nothing.

**FLIP**

I want to go home!

FX: CLARA GRUNTS.

CRAVEN GRABS FLIP'S ARM.

**FLIP**

Ow! Get off! Let go!

**CRAVEN**

I have something for you. Hold still. (FIXING A BRACELET ON HER WRIST) This bracelet... was my mother's. There. Those are diamonds. They suit you well. What more could you possibly want?

**FLIP**

I don't want that. Take it back. I don't want anything from you.

(BEAT)

**CRAVEN**

Take your time, my love. Consider your position. Lost and alone... and with an offer you cannot refuse. You have until morning.

FX: HE SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

**FLIP**

(DISTRESSED) Oh, Clara... where the heck is the Doctor?

FX: A SEAGULL CRIES CARRYING US INTO SCENE 57.

**57. EXT. QUAYSIDE**

FX: GULL CRIES.

**MEER**

No, no, no. This is impossible. We have moved without moving. And it is dark, yet my pocket watch says it is barely noon.

**CONSTANCE**

The Doctor will explain.

**DOCTOR**

Maybe the time allowance leaked a little, but the spatial coordinates are spot on. The quayside at Bristol.

**CONSTANCE**

Within the same twenty-four hours?

**DOCTOR**

Of course. You were right, though. We'd never have got here in time if we'd come by road.

**CONSTANCE**

Thank you.

**DOCTOR**

And now we have a head start. Although Philippa and Clara could be in the city at any time.

**CONSTANCE**

That's assuming this is where they were heading.

**SARAH**

The great kangu will not be easy to conceal.

**MEER**

Her name is Clara. She will be pining. She is very prone to melancholia and goes off her hay.

**CONSTANCE**

Whilst Philippa just gets angry.

**DOCTOR**

I suggest you ask around. Try the taverns. They never close and there's bound to be gossip.

**MEER**

I must look out my own Captain.

**DOCTOR**

You have your own personal ship?

**MEER**

Not mine. But chartered for Clara's expedition. *The Black Tulip* under Captain Deetman. He will be here somewhere.

**CONSTANCE**

Then what are you doing?

**DOCTOR**

Me?

**SARAH**

The Doctor and me are going to the Brassworks to find Gorembe.

**CONSTANCE**

(SURPRISED) You could have said.

**DOCTOR**

Some problem?

**CONSTANCE**

No, no. Just lack of sleep.

**DOCTOR**

No energy, that's your problem. Right. Shall we synchronise timepieces? Let's call it four in the morning and meet back here in three hours.



**58. INT. TAVERN**

FX: NOT MUCH BUSTLE. BALSAM PULLS UP A CHAIR.

**BALSAM**

Well, Hawnych? How is our new partner?

**HAWNCH**

Oh, Mr Craven brims with importance alright. Like he's the Captain already.

**BALSAM**

Upstart dandy.

**HAWNCH**

And he has a companion now. A 'lady', so he says.

**BALSAM**

Oho! Well, we'll allow him that, I suppose. But nothing else, understand? No more additions.

**HAWNCH**

(LYING) No, sir. Nothing else.

**BALSAM**

He can think he's in charge, but you give the orders, Hawnych.

**HAWNCH**

Or the lady, eh?

**BALSAM**

Like my sister. Always giving instruction. (LAUGHS)

**HAWNCH**

The tide's rising. *The Worthy*'ll be docking soon, but the crew can manage the loading. No need to concern yourself.

**MEER (ACROSS THE ROOM)**

Wait there, Mrs Clarke. I shall ask.

**BALSAM**

(STARTLED) Good Lord...

**HAWNCH**

What's that?

**BALSAM**

No, keep your hat down. Mrs Clarke has just walked in.

**HAWNCH**

Mrs Clarke? Another of the Ballroom doxies?

**BALSAM**

And that confounded Dutchman with her. Surely they're not eloping too.

**59. EXT. ON THE ROAD**

FX: THE DOCTOR AND SARAH WALKING.

**DOCTOR**

It can't be far now, Sarah.

**SARAH**

That is the Brassworks ahead. Even at night you can see the chimneys.

**DOCTOR**

That glow, you mean. Like some dark satanic mill.

**SARAH**

It is a bad place, Doctor. England is full of bad men. And Geoffrey Balsam, my master... he is king of all badness.

**DOCTOR**

And you're sure that's where your husband will be held?

**SARAH**

The works is full of slaves. I do not want to go there. But that is where my Gorembe will be.

**DOCTOR**

We'll find him. But don't forget, if they challenge us, you are my trusted valet Diogenes. Don't be afraid. Keep your wig on. And let me do the talking.

**SARAH**

But the flames will burn us.

**DOCTOR**

That'll be the smelting furnace.

**SARAH**

No, Doctor. Gorembe told me. It is the great Dragon that lives inside.

**60. EXT. STREET**

FX: QUAYSIDE BUSTLE.

**CONSTANCE**

Well, Captain? Did they know anything?

**MEER**

Deetman says they have heard nothing. Then they laughed. Most of them were drunk.

**CONSTANCE**

Perhaps they were right. Suppose Philippa and Clara haven't arrived yet.

WILDTRACK: MEN SHOUTING ALONG THE QUAY.

**CONSTANCE**

It's getting busy. They're loading that ship. The one that's just docked.

**MEER**

It is a slave ship. I must find Clara. She needs me. I have looked after her ever since she was a calf.

**CONSTANCE**

How did you find her?

**MEER**

Her mother was shot by a Maharaja in India. Clara was adopted by a director of the Dutch East India Company. He trained her to appear at dinner to amuse his guests. And then she started to grow.

**CONSTANCE**

So she has only ever known human company.

**MEER**

I will fight to save her.

**CONSTANCE**

And I must find out who killed the Reverend Mr Naylor.

**MEER**

Mrs Clarke, be careful. Do not step above your station.

**CONSTANCE**

Women here are just as much men's property as the slave workers. Frankly Captain, your rhinoceros gets treated better.

**MEER**

(STARTLED) Mrs Clarke!

**CONSTANCE**

Oh, sorry. One didn't mean to offend you. It's just that...

**MEER**

No, no. Over there. That carriage.

**CONSTANCE**

What about it?

**MEER**

It belongs to Mr Craven. I know it. They are here. They must be here already!

**61. INT. CLARA'S WAGON**

FX: THE DOOR TOP OPENS.

**CRAVEN**

Good morning, Mrs Ramon. Did you get any sleep?

**FLIP**

(EXHAUSTED) You again. I thought you'd have servants to check on the prisoners.

**CRAVEN**

Only the best for you, my sweet. (BEAT) Have you reached an sensible conclusion yet?

**FLIP**

It stinks in here. And there's not much room. I've been waiting for Clara to roll over in her sleep. Then all your problems will be over.

**CRAVEN**

You haven't touched your food.

**FLIP**

Not exactly hungry. (BEAT) Why did you steal her?

**CRAVEN**

I have kept animals since I was small. Dogs, horses.

**FLIP**

A right little fox hunt. Did you have staff to feed and clean up after them too?

**CRAVEN**

Of course. I had a marmoset once. Not that it lived long. But now I have the means to start a proper menagerie.

**FLIP**

Am I included in that?

**CRAVEN**

You're running out of time.

**FLIP**

So, your proposal... I know it's just a business deal... not true love at all... whatever that is.

**CRAVEN**

And?

**FLIP**

(TEASING) I suppose I might be interested, but you're hardly in my league, are you? I mean you'd have to prove yourself worthy.

**CRAVEN**

(AMUSED) You insulting baggage.

**FLIP**

And the other problem is... well, the clue's in the name... Mrs Ramon. See the ring? That cost Jared a week's pay.

**CRAVEN**

Where we are going, that will not be an obstacle. You'll have a dozen rings. Out you come, my lady.

FX: HE OPENS THE LOWER SECTION OF THE DOOR. SHE MOVES UP CLOSE.

**FLIP**

Uh, uh, uh. There's still the opposition. You're gonna have to choose: Philippa or Clara?

**CRAVEN**

(AMUSED) And why can't I have both?

**FLIP**

Just like a man... Well, tough!

FX: SHE KNEES HIM IN THE BREECHES.

**CRAVEN**

(GASPS!)

**FLIP**

Clara?

FX: CLARA GRUNTS AND STRUGGLES UP.

**FLIP**

Here. Come on. Out you come. Walkies!

FX: CLARA TRUNDLES OUT, SNORTING INTO THE OPEN AIR.

**CRAVEN**

(DOUBLED UP) No! Ugh... Hawrch! Hawrch!! Men! Stop her. Don't let the animal out!

**FLIP**

I knew it. So Clara's more important.

**CRAVEN**

No... Hawnych!

**FLIP**

Fine. See you later.

FX: SHE RUNS.

**CRAVEN**

(IN AGONY) Mrs Ramon! Come back! Come back!



**62. EXT. BRASSWORKS YARD**

THE DOCTOR AND SARAH EXPLORE.

FX: DOCTOR RATTLES A COIL OF METAL WIRE.

**DOCTOR**

Copper wire, pots and pans. (HE SIFTS FURTHER) These are tradeable goods bound for the slave markets in Africa.

**SARAH**

What am I worth, eh? How many kettles, do you think?

FX: THE DOCTOR PULLS BACK A CANVAS FLAP.

**DOCTOR**

And there's worse here – flintlock muskets.

**SARAH**

Guns!

**DOCTOR**

Crates of them. And shot too.

**SARAH**

What must we do? Shall we throw the boxes into the river?

**DOCTOR**

Better still, we could roll all the carts over the gorge. But that won't find us Gorembe.

FX: DOORS CLATTER ACROSS THE YARD.

**FOREMAN (DISTANT)**

Get moving.

**SARAH**

(WHISPER) Keep back.

FX: THEY SCUTTLE FOR COVER. THE STEADY CHINK-CHINK OF MANACLED SLAVES TRUDGING IN STEP.

**FOREMAN (OFF)**

Over there. Pile 'em up.

**SARAH**

(SOTTO) These are my tribesmen. I know them – many of them. I cannot see Gorembe.

**DOCTOR**

(SOTTO) No, don't move.

**SARAH**

(SOTTO) They do not see us. They have dead eyes. And skinny bodies.

**DOCTOR**

(SOTTO) Poor devils. They've been broken by Balsam's cruelty.

**FOREMAN (OFF)**

I said, get moving!

FX: A CART STARTS TO RUMBLE ACROSS THE YARD.

**DOCTOR**

(SOTTO) Come on. Round the side. Let's take a look at the foundry.

**SARAH**

(SOTTO) No. That is where the Dragon lives.

**DOCTOR**

(SOTTO) I doubt that. There hasn't been a decent Dragon in England since we saw off the Winchester Wyvern in 1842.

**SARAH**

(SOTTO) But... that year has not happened yet.

**DOCTOR**

(SOTTO) Exactly.

FX: THEY EXIT, INTO...

**63. INT. FOUNDRY [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: A CAVERNOUS ROOM. AT ONE SIDE THE ROAR OF A FURNACE.  
THE DOCTOR AND SARAH ENTER. A BURST OF FLAME FROM THE FURNACE.

**SARAH**

(GASPS) It is there. The Dragon!

**DOCTOR**

Unfortunately not. It's a smelting furnace for the brass, and a prototype steam engine... years before Stephenson even dreamt of his Rocket. (WALKING FORWARD) Barely adequate shielding, though... hardly safe for the wretched workers who feed it.

**GOREMBE**

(GROANS)

**SARAH**

(SCARED) Doctor... There is someone there. On that pile of rags.

**DOCTOR**

He's had a nasty beating, poor fellow. Look at the state of his back. And now they're done, they've chucked him aside.

FX: SARAH CROUCHES.

**SARAH**

Gorembe!

**GOREMBE**

(RAMBLING) Kick over the fire, my brothers. The slavers are coming.

**DOCTOR**

Is it him?

**SARAH**

Gorembe... I am here.

**GOREMBE**

Is it the dawn yet? Don't let them see me. And don't tell her. Hide me away.

**SARAH**

It is me... Sarah.

**GOREMBE**

No. You are not here.

**SARAH**

Oh, they have put new irons on your legs. So cruel.

**GOREMBE**

Go away. You must not see me.

**SARAH**

Gorembe? I came to find you.

**GOREMBE**

(LAUGHS)

**DOCTOR**

He's delirious, poor chap. We need to get him to a doctor.

**SARAH**

But you are a doctor.

**DOCTOR**

But not the sort of doctor he needs. Come on, Diogenes, give me a hand with him.

FX: DOOR CLATTERS.

**SARAH**

(SOTTO) Someone is coming.

**DOCTOR**

(SOTTO) Alright. Leave this to me.

FX: ANOTHER GUSH OF STEAM. BALSAM STRUTS ACROSS THE FLOOR.

**BALSAM**

Doctor!

**DOCTOR**

Sir Geoffrey, good morning.

**BALSAM**

Get back!

**DOCTOR**

I'm sure the pistol isn't necessary. At least shake hands.  
(THEY SHAKE VIGOROUSLY) There, that's better, isn't it?

**BALSAM**

I thought you'd lost our trail, Doctor.

**DOCTOR**

I'm very persistent.

**BALSAM**

I had a terrier once. Toby, his name was.

**DOCTOR**

Really.

**BALSAM**

And once he'd bitten, he'd never let go. Never. I still have the scars. I had to finish him in the end. That's what I do with all mad dogs.

FX: HE CLICKS BACK THE SAFETY LOCK ON HIS PISTOL.

**SARAH**

(RUNNING AT HIM) Noooo! (SHE GRABS HIM) No more killing!

**DOCTOR**

Diogenes! No!

**BALSAM**

(PUSHING SARAH BACK) Get away!

**SARAH**

(GASPS AND STUMBLES BACK)

**BALSAM**

And as for you, Doctor!

FX: HE FIRES THE GUN.

**END OF PART THREE**

**PART FOUR**

**REPRISE:**

**BALSAM**

*I had a terrier once. Toby his name was.*

**DOCTOR**

*It usually is.*

**BALSAM**

*But once he'd bitten, he'd never let go. Never. I still have the scars. I had to finish him in the end. But that's what I do with all mad dogs.*

*FX: HE CLICKS BACK THE SAFETY LOCK ON HIS PISTOL.*

**SARAH**

*(RUNNING AT HIM) Nooo! (SHE GRABS HIM) No more killing!*

**DOCTOR**

*Diogenes! No!*

**BALSAM**

*(PUSHING SARAH BACK) Get away!*

**SARAH**

*GASPS AND STUMBLES BACK.*

**BALSAM**

*And as for you, Doctor!*

*FX: HE FIRES THE GUN.*

CONTINUES INTO:

**64. INT. FOUNDRY FLOOR [CONTINUED]**

*FX: THE ENGINE GUSHES STEAM.*

**DOCTOR**

*Is that a fifty-bore boxlock pistol?*

**BALSAM**

*You were dead. I never miss.*

**DOCTOR**

Oh, I'm sure. Still, I expect you'd like your lead shot back. Here you are.

**BALSAM**

(AMAZED) You caught it?

**DOCTOR**

Well, no. I'm sorry. A small ruse on my behalf. I palmed the shot when we shook hands. A precaution to ensure the smooth flowing of our business talks.

**BALSAM**

What talks? Why are you here? You and this creature!

FX: HE SNATCHES OFF SARAH'S PERIWIG.

**SARAH**

Ow!

**BALSAM**

You think a wig and a ragtag coat would fool me?! There's your worthless husband. Go and join him!

**DOCTOR**

You threw Sarah out. She's under my protection now.

**BALSAM**

No. She ran away. She's still mine.

**DOCTOR**

Sir Geoffrey, we're closer than you think, you and I. Both men of business. And I came a long way to offer your foundry fresh work. But if you don't want the deal, then I'll take it elsewhere... and we'll see who loses out in the end.

**65. EXT. STREETS**

FX: HORSE-DRAWN CART CLATTERING PAST.

**FLIP**

Hey! Excuse me! Are you heading to Bath? I need to get to Bath. Wait!

FX: THE CART TRUNDLES PAST.

**FLIP**

Forget it. Thanks a lot.

FX: SHE WALKS ON.

**FLIP**

Hello! Excuse me. Is this the road to Bath? I have friends there.

**WOMAN**

Get off! Hussy!

**FLIP**

Hussy yourself!

**WOMAN**

Stick to yer own pitch!

FX: FLIP WALKS AGAIN. A DOG (URCLEES) APPROACHES, BARKING.

**FLIP**

No, go away. Get off me! Ow!

FX: SHE FALLS — OOF!

URCLEES BARKS AND COMES SNUFFLING CLOSE.

**FLIP**

Flipping skirts! Get off!

**MIDDLEMINT** (APPROACHING)

Urclees! Urclees! Leave! Come away! Not nice!

**FLIP**

Uh... Mrs Middlemint? Is that you?

FX: URCLEES STILL BARKING.



**MIDDLEMINT**

Oh, la! It is Mrs... Ramon, is it not? I hardly knew you. What has become of you? Quiet, silly boy!

**FLIP**

I'm lost.

**MIDDLEMINT**

But where is the Doctor? Is he here?

**FLIP**

I don't know. Please... Please, I need help.

**MIDDLEMINT**

That is obvious from the state of your dress. You poor unfortunate. Come along. Come along. The House is just here.

**66. EXT. THE WORTHY. DECK**

FX: THE SHIP CREAKS GENTLY.

**HAWNCH**

There you go, my loverly.

FX: CLARA SNORTS. CRAVEN HURRIES UP THE GANGPLANK.

**CRAVEN**

Captain, is she secured?

**HAWNCH**

She is, sir. One trail of hay, just like the oranges, and up the gangplank she came, dainty as you like. The crew penned her in with bales before we build her something sturdier.

**CRAVEN**

Excellent.

**HAWNCH**

They like a new mascot. And er... your 'bride', sir?

**CRAVEN**

Still playing the errant. How long do I have?

**HAWNCH**

It's two hours 'til first light. But make haste. The tide won't wait. And nor shall we.

**67. INT. BALSAM'S OFFICE**

FX: BALSAM ROLLS OUT A CHART.

**BALSAM**

The trade goes well, Doctor. I have a growing fleet of merchant ships; with agents on the Guinea Coast and Jamaica.

**DOCTOR**

That's an impressive empire. And you have a partnership with your sister's brother, I believe?

**BALSAM**

I fear that Oliver Middlemint succumbed to the jungle fever five years ago, God rest his soul.

**DOCTOR**

I'm sorry.

**BALSAM**

But today I have a ship, *The Worthy*, embarking for Africa. A venture with young Titus Craven. Fresh horizons ever opening, d'you see?

**DOCTOR**

And I can offer links to open them still wider. Do you have a map of the Congo basin handy, by any chance?

**BALSAM**

I do, sir. One moment.

FX: HE OPENS A DOOR AND GOES OUT.

**DOCTOR**

(LOUDLY) Diogenes... Sarah, wait outside the door, please. This business is private. (MUTTER) And take these...

**SARAH**

(MUTTER) The keys?

**DOCTOR**

From his desk - You know what they're for. Use them well. (ALoud) Well, don't dally. Sir Geoffrey and I have matters to discuss. And don't go running off.

**SARAH**

No, master.

FX: SHE GOES. BALSAM RETURNS WITH A MAP.

**BALSAM**

This should suffice. Ah, we're rid of her then. They won't learn, you know. Her sort.

**DOCTOR**

(DISGUST) Her 'sort'?

**BALSAM**

The only teaching they understand is with the whip.

FX: HE UNFURLS THE MAP.

**BALSAM**

I do not trust you, you know.

**DOCTOR**

Be assured the feeling is mutual. So... the Congo... I have established links with the Wengalu tribe here... and here with the Oluti. I think that could be useful to you.

**68. EXT. DOCKSIDE**

FX: QUIET.

**CONSTANCE**

It can't be far off dawn now.

**MEER**

Plainly your Doctor is not a good timekeeper.

**CONSTANCE**

Just don't tell him that. It's Philippa I'm worried about.

**MEER**

One moment.

FX: HE HURRIES FORWARD.

**CONSTANCE**

What's that?

**MEER**

Fresh hay... laid in a trail, look. (WALKING FORWARD) And here... Mind where you step..

**CONSTANCE**

Ah...

**MEER**

Droppings. What's the word? Few-mets, yes? Also fresh. Clara has been this way.

**CONSTANCE**

The trail leads to that ship... right up the gangplank. (WALKING ON) I can't see the name.

**MEER**

There. *The Worthy*.

**CONSTANCE**

What a hulk.

**MEER**

A slaver. And readying to sail... with my *liefste* Clara on board!

**CONSTANCE**

There... on the deck. Watching us. I'm sure I know that man. I saw him in Bath.

**MEER**

Another partner of Balsam's? (CALLS) Hey! You, *Mynheer*! You have property of mine on board!

**CONSTANCE**

They're blocking the gangplank. Be careful!

**MEER**

Ruffians! She is there. I know it. My Clara. (CALLS) You! *Mynheer*! Release her. Or I shall summon the Militia?!

**69. INT. BALSAM'S HOUSE; DRAWING ROOM**

FLIP HAS TRIED ON A NEW DRESS.

**MIDDLEMINT**

There. You know the dress suits you very well, my dear. Maybe with a tuck or two...

**FLIP**

As long as I can walk it in. But thank you. It's lovely.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Well... it has been quite a day already. And without Sarah to exercise Urclees... such a fluster. Forcing me to leave the house in the middle of the night. He is a naughty boy.

**FLIP**

Mrs M, I have to get back to Bath to find the Doctor.

**MIDDLEMINT**

I know. Such a gracious gentleman. I shall have the carriage brought round.

**FLIP**

Oh. I didn't mean...

**MIDDLEMINT**

And you need to have a hearty breakfast too.

**FLIP**

Thanks. You are such a sweetie.

FX: DOORBELL JANGLES. URCLEES BARKS.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Oh. Now who is that at this hour? (CALLS) Footman! The door!

**FLIP**

(CONCERNED) Not your brother?

**MIDDLEMINT**

Gracious no. Geoffrey would not ring. This is his house. He looks after his faded sister. He is so thoughtful. (YELLS) The door!

(BEAT)

FX: DOOR OPENS.

**FOOTMAN** (ENTERING)

Mr Titus Craven, Ma'am.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Ah...

**FLIP**

Oh, no...!

FX: CRAVEN ENTERS.

**CRAVEN**

Good morning, Madam. Please excuse this untimely intrusion.

**MIDDLEMINT**

If it's my brother you want...

**CRAVEN**

No, no. Philippa dearest, where have you been? I have been distracted without you. Searching the city..

**FLIP**

Don't you come near me.

**CRAVEN**

And then I heard you were here. Mrs Middlemore..

**MIDDLEMINT**

Middlemint.

**CRAVEN**

Thank you for rescuing my errant bride. I was so worried.

**FLIP**

Oh, no. No!

**MIDDLEMINT**

Your bride?

**CRAVEN**

We are to sail away on Sir Geoffrey's ship. Within the hour.

**FLIP**

Mrs M? That gun on the wall...

**MIDDLEMINT**

What about it, my dear?



**FLIP**

Does it work?

FX: SHE GRABS A PISTOL OFF THE WALL.

**MIDDLEMINT**

(AMUSED) You silly goose. You cannot use that.

**CRAVEN**

Philippa, don't be absurd. It isn't loaded.

**FLIP**

It might have been. I can still take a swing. Don't you come near!

**70. INT. FOUNDRY**

FX: GUSH OF STEAM. THE STEADY CLINKING TRUDGE OF SLAVES WALKING MINDLESSLY PAST.

**SARAH**

(URGENT) Gorembe. I am here. Wake up.

**GOREMBE**

(DAZED) Uh... let me be.

**SARAH**

Wake up! I have the keys. See?

**GOREMBE**

No need. The gates are already open. And there is Sarah... waiting for me.

**SARAH**

No. I am here. Come back, foolish man! Wake up!

**GOREMBE**

(IN PAIN) Agh! Sarah?

**SARAH**

I have come for you. We can get away, my husband. All of us. Hold still.

FX: SHE FUMBLES WITH THE KEYS.

**GOREMBE**

Sarah... together? What are you wearing?

FX: SARAH FITS THE KEY AND PULLS THE MANACLED IRONS APART. THE TRUDGING SLAVES STOP.

**SARAH**

It is done! Come.

**GOREMBE**

Uh... Sarah, I cannot walk. You must do this for us. Free the others.

**SARAH**

Me?

**GOREMBE**

(CALLS) My brothers. We shall all be free. Go on, Sarah.

FX: SARAH STANDS.

**SARAH**

Here I am, brothers. Who is first?

**71. INT. DRAWING ROOM**

(AS BEFORE)

**CRAVEN**

Philippa, put the gun down.

**FLIP**

Never heard of pistol-whipping?! Get out of my way!

**CRAVEN**

How very endearing. Bewitching, is she not?

**MIDDLEMINT**

Running away like that. What were you thinking?

**CRAVEN**

She is tired. Too much exhilaration.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Of course.

**CRAVEN**

Come now. I'll take that. (HE TAKES THE GUN)

**FLIP**

No! Ow!

**CRAVEN**

Thank you.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Now listen, dear. I was just the same before my wedding... but one soon learns. And Mr Craven is such a gentleman. Had I but known I'd have fetched you my own trousseau. But he'll give you everything you could desire. I wish you all the joy that I never had.

**CRAVEN**

How very generous.

**FLIP**

(MISERABLE) You sad old woman. You don't understand. His sort... you think they're charming. But it's all about control.

**MIDDLEMINT**

But all men are like that.

**FLIP**

How can you give in to them?! We have rights too!

**MIDDLEMINT**

We have our own ways of winning. You'll soon learn, my dear.

**CRAVEN**

The ship is waiting. And our new life together.

**FLIP**

You think your brother doesn't use you?

**MIDDLEMINT**

Oh, the very idea. Off you go. *Bon chance*, my dears. Be happy.

**CRAVEN**

(FIRMLY) This way, my enchantress.

**FLIP**

(STRUGGLING) No... Get off me!

FX: URCLEES BARKING. FRONT DOOR SHUTS.

**MIDDLEMINT**

What nonsense! He would never do that. He wouldn't, Urclees. I know he wouldn't. Not dear Geoffrey...

**72. EXT. AT THE CARRIAGE**

**CRAVEN**

This way, my love. Get in. I wish you no harm, you know.

**FLIP**

I don't belong here. You're all history.

**CRAVEN**

Your friends are not coming for you. What other choice do you have?

**FLIP**

They will come.

FX: THEY CLIMB INTO THE CARRIAGE. THE DOOR CLOSES.

**CRAVEN**

Driver! The quayside and hurry!

FX: THE CARRIAGE PULLS AWAY.

**73. INT. BALSAM'S OFFICE**

**BALSAM**

All my life, Doctor, I have toiled to serve England and make our country the greatest trading nation in the world.

**DOCTOR**

Of course.

**BALSAM**

And while your offer is intriguing, I find your audacity unsettling. In short, my sister may be won over, but I am not.

**DOCTOR**

Perhaps Theodosia has better taste.

**BALSAM**

But a man who cadges tickets for a society ball? Who indulges in low 'magical' trickery? Who consorts with married women and rabble-rousing preachers? No, no. These are not the attributes of a gentleman.

**DOCTOR**

I think I have seen enough, Sir Geoffrey, to know that you are a man with no moral compass whatsoever. You're a veritable godfather of slavery and greed.

**BALSAM**

You feathered Jack<sup>3</sup>! Who are you? Why did I never hear your name before?

**DOCTOR**

Trampling lives underfoot... How you ever bagged a knighthood is beyond me.

**BALSAM**

By thunder, I'll see you ruined for this!

**DOCTOR**

Dumped on the street like poor Mr Naylor? Who are you to damn your fellow humans, black and white, to a living purgatory?!

**BALSAM**

Get out!

---

<sup>3</sup> From 'Jack with the feather' - a trifling person.

**DOCTOR**

One day, Sir Geoffrey, they will judge you and condemn you to infamy!

**BALSAM**

By God, I'll take the whip to you too!

FX: HE FLINGS THE DOOR WIDE. CROSS TO...



**74. EXT. BRASSWORKS YARD [CONTINUOUS]**

**SLAVE WORKERS** [WILDTRACK]

(OFF) "Heave...! Heave...!"

**BALSAM**

What's happening? Micah! Ezra! Where's the foreman?!

**DOCTOR**

Isn't that them? Running out of the gate?

FX: A CRASH FROM THE FOUNDRY — CRATES PUSHED DOWN. BRASSWARE CLATTERING.

**SLAVE WORKERS** [WILDTRACK]

(OFF) CHEER! (CONTINUES...)

**BALSAM** (STRIDING OFF)

What's going on?

CROSS TO...

**75. INT. FOUNDRY [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: CHEERING CONTINUES, CLOSER BY. THE FURNACE ROARS. BRASS PANS CLATTER, THROWN ON THE FIRE.

**GOREMBE**

(MUCH RECOVERED) Go on, my brothers! Everything on the fire! Feed them to the Dragon!

BALSAM RUNS IN.

**BALSAM**

What are you doing? Who set them free? Mutiny!

**SLAVE WORKERS [WILDTRACK]**

(HEAVE OVER A CART AND CHEER)

FX: CART CRASHES DOWN.

**GOREMBE**

The guns!

**BALSAM**

No! Get away from them!

**DOCTOR**

Sir Geoffrey! Be careful. Keep back!

**BALSAM**

This is your work, Doctor! You drove them to this!

**DOCTOR**

Don't look at me. If anyone was driving, it was you!

**SARAH**

There he is! The vulture! The crocodile king!

**GOREMBE**

Take him! And the other one too!

**SLAVE WORKERS [WILDTRACK]**

(MENACING MUTTERS)

**DOCTOR**

Now just a minute...

**SARAH**

No! No! The Doctor is our friend! Show him respect!

**DOCTOR**

Thank you, Sarah.

**BALSAM**

Keep away! Keep back! (BACKING AWAY) You have nothing! I'll see you hunted down like dogs!

FX: HE RUNS.

**SLAVE WORKERS** [WILDTRACK]  
(JEER)

**DOCTOR**

Let him go.

**SARAH**

He will return with soldiers.

**DOCTOR**

Then I must find a better way to protect you.

**GOREMBE**

We have weapons now! Agh...

**SARAH**

Gorembe!

**DOCTOR**

You can barely stand. And your back needs treatment. As for the guns... do you really need to use them?

**SARAH**

The Doctor is right. They are bad weapons. Made with slave workers' blood.

**GOREMBE**

Then how do we fight?

**DOCTOR**

There are better ways, believe me.

**SARAH**

The Doctor is right.

**GOREMBE**

Ah... Very well. (SHOUTS) These guns are bad, my brothers. They are full of wickedness. Throw them into the Dragon's mouth.

**SLAVE WORKERS** [WILDTRACK]  
(RESIGNED MUTTERING)

FX: THEY START TO THROW THE WEAPONS INTO THE FURNACE.

**DOCTOR**  
A wise decision, Gorembe. Thank you.

**SARAH**  
The whole place is bad.

**DOCTOR**  
Yes, you're right there.

**GOREMBE**  
And there are kegs of gunpowder in the storeroom. At least allow us one victory.

**DOCTOR**  
I think you deserve it. Let's see this place finished once and for all.

**76. EXT. QUAYSIDE/DECK**

CRAVEN PULLING FLIP TOWARDS *THE WORTHY*.

**CRAVEN**

Here we are, my lady. Your new home.

**FLIP**

What? Oh, no. You're not getting me on that rustbucket. Ow!

FX: HE HEFTS HER UP.

**CRAVEN**

Up you come.

**FLIP**

What are you doing?! No!

FX: HE STARTS UP THE WOODEN GANGPLANK.

**CRAVEN**

Carrying you over the threshold, my angel. Hold on tight!

**FLIP**

(STRUGGLING) Put me down!

**CRAVEN**

(AMUSED) In the harbour? Hold still, will you?

FX: THEY REACH THE DECK.

**HAWNCH**

You cut it finely, Mr Craven. Welcome aboard.

**CRAVEN**

Thank you, Captain.

**HAWNCH**

Welcome aboard, Mrs Craven.

**FLIP**

Mrs Ramon! Let me off!

**CRAVEN**

Philippa, dearest. That is hardly hospitable.

**HAWNCH**

Fetch up the gangplank!

FX: THE CREW HAUL IN THE GANGPLANK.

**FLIP**

No! Let me down!

**CRAVEN**

Spirited, do you see, Captain?

**HAWNCH**

A proper spitfire. She'll keep the crew in order. Her and the nosserus.

**FLIP**

Clara? Oh, my God. You've got her too? You smarmy, privileged, thieving git!

**CRAVEN**

I said I'd have you both.

**77. EXT. QUAYSIDE**

CONSTANCE AND VAN DER MEER APPROACH.

**MEER**

Why do they not hurry? The Dutch Militia would be out in an instant.

**CONSTANCE**

They were right behind us just now.

FX: THEY STOP.

**MEER**

Mrs Clarke. The gangplank has been raised.

**CONSTANCE**

The ship must be leaving.

**MEER**

This has to be stopped.

**FLIP (DISTANT)**

(DISTRAUGHT) Connie! Connie!

**CONSTANCE**

Where's that? That's Philippa.

**MEER**

Up there. On the deck.

**CONSTANCE**

Oh, Lord. Philippa! What are you doing?

**FLIP (DISTANT)**

There's no way down. It's Titus flipping Craven!

**CONSTANCE**

Craven? Has he abducted you?

**FLIP (DISTANT)**

I didn't want this! I thought you'd gone!

**MEER**

Madam! Is Clara there? Is she on board?

**FLIP (DISTANT)**

Yes! Yes, she's here too!

**MEER**

Clara! I knew this. Is she harmed? What about her food?

**FLIP** (DISTANT)

She's fine, but I'm not. What about me?! (GRABBED) Ow! Get off!

**CONSTANCE**

Oh, God! Philippa! Someone pulled her back. Flip!

FX: HEAVY CANVAS UNFURLS.

**CONSTANCE**

They're setting the sails.

**MEER**

Craven is a thief! Where are the Militia?!

FX: BOOM. A DISTANT EXPLOSION.

**CONSTANCE**

What was that?

**MEER**

An eruption? Does England have volcanoes too?

**CONSTANCE**

More like a bomb or a V-2. There. Look. Something's burning along the river. Isn't that the way the Doctor went?

**BALSAM** (APPROACHING)

No! Wait! Wait!

**CONSTANCE**

Sir Geoffrey?

**BALSAM**

(FLATLY) My works. My Brassworks.

**CONSTANCE**

Your factory?

**BALSAM**

He did this. Your 'Doctor'. He's the very Devil!

FX: CANVAS FLAPS ABOVE.



**MEER**

It's moving! The boat is going!

**BALSAM**

No!

**FLIP (FURTHER OFF)**

Connie!

**78. EXT. DECK**

**CRAVEN**

Come away, Philippa.

**FLIP**

(DESPAIRING) Connie!

**CRAVEN**

Come away!

**FLIP**

They came for me. I said they would. Constance was there.

**CRAVEN**

Too late now. You can write to them.

**HAWNCH**

The lady's cabin is below, sir.

**FLIP**

Don't you look at me like that. Don't you dare!

**CRAVEN**

Separate cabins, madam. I respect your sensibilities. These matters take time. We have much to discover.

**FLIP**

Let me off! Or... or I'll jump!

**CRAVEN**

Enough! To your cabin now! Or I shall drag you there myself!

**CREW [WILDTRACK]**

(CHEER MOCKINGLY)

**79. EXT. QUAYSIDE**

**BALSAM**

(SHOUTING) Hawrch! Come back, you fool!

**MEER**

That is your ship, yes?

**BALSAM**

Come back! Hawrch! There must be a boat. I can row out.

**MEER**

My Clara is on that ship.

**CONSTANCE**

And so is Mrs Ramon!

**MEER**

They are kidnapped! Abducted!

**BALSAM**

What nonsense! I never ordered that. Get out of my way!

**CONSTANCE**

Plainly your partner, Mr Craven, thinks otherwise.

**BALSAM**

Craven!

**MEER**

I thought they would demand a ransom. But no. They are departing. I have summoned the Militia!

**BALSAM**

And I headed them off!

**CONSTANCE**

What?

**BALSAM**

(YELLS) Hawrch!

**CONSTANCE**

What do you mean?

**BALSAM**

I sent them to my works! The foundry! You see the blaze? The rabble started that. Turned on me... led by that Doctor. He'll be my ruminati<sup>4</sup>!

**CONSTANCE**

The Doctor!

**MEER**

But I summoned the Militia!

**BALSAM**

And I pay for them! They'll do what I tell 'em! (YELLS) Hawrch!

**MEER**

Outrageous!

**CONSTANCE**

Sir Geoffrey, you are responsible for the death of the Reverend Philip Naylor. For his murder.

**BALSAM**

More nonsense.

**CONSTANCE**

And Heaven knows how many slaves. England should be ashamed. You belong in the same pit as all the other Fascists and Nazis of the Universe - everything I've fought against. And one day your filthy trade will be swept away.

(BEAT)

**DOCTOR (APPROACHING)**

That's very true, Mrs Clarke. Bravo.

**CONSTANCE**

Doctor!

FX: A WAGON APPROACHES AND STOPS. DOCTOR JUMPS OFF.

**DOCTOR**

Mr Naylor was just the start. England can be a pleasant place, until people like him come along.

**BALSAM**

Preachers! The place is full of 'em!

---

<sup>4</sup> He means ruination!

**WORKERS** [WILDTRACK]  
(MUTTERING) It is him.

FX: AS GOREMBE AND SARAH JUMP OFF WAGON...

**DOCTOR**  
Your business is finished, Sir Geoffrey. And here are the people you should be making reparation to.

**GOREMBE**  
Good morning, master.

**SARAH**  
Good morning, master.

**BALSAM**  
You destroyed my foundry!

**DOCTOR**  
A big explosion can be hugely satisfying. Gorembe? Sarah? What will you do with him?

**BALSAM**  
These men are mine! Uh... let me pass!

**SARAH**  
Gorembe? You are the chief.

**GOREMBE**  
Shall I chain him in the dark? Feed him on slops? Make him labour all day and night till his feet are raw?

**SARAH**  
He would not last a day.

**GOREMBE**  
No. Let him go. We will not stain our hands with his blood. Go!

**BALSAM** (RUNNING)  
You're mine! Mine!

FX: HE RUNS.

**DOCTOR**  
A noble judgement, Gorembe.

**SARAH**  
Doctor, we thank you.

**GOREMBE**

You are a good man. We all thank you.

**CONSTANCE**

All that can wait. Doctor, Philippa's on that ship. Titus Craven has abducted her.

**MEER**

And he has taken my Clara too.

**DOCTOR**

Titus Craven, eh? That name again. I've not met him, have I? I hope he knows what he's in for.

**80. INT. BALSAM'S HOUSE — STUDY**

FX: DOOR OPENS. BALSAM ENTERS, CROSSES THE ROOM, OPENS A DRAWER AND PULLS OUT SOME PAPERS.

**BALSAM**

Where is it?

FX: HE OPENS ANOTHER DRAWER AND SIFTS MORE PAPERS.

**BALSAM**

Where have I put it?

**MIDDLEMINT**

Brother, dearest...

**BALSAM**

Oh! Sister, you startled me. What's the matter?

**MIDDLEMINT**

I have lived on your kindness for five years. Such generosity.

**BALSAM**

(CAUTIOUS) As was my duty after your ill fortune.

FX: HE SLIDES THE DRAWER SHUT.

**MIDDLEMINT**

I was thinking. The dear Doctor. Those rumours.

**BALSAM**

What of it?

**MIDDLEMINT**

Do you think it was really him... the King, I mean?

**BALSAM**

I was knighted. It was not him.

**MIDDLEMINT**

But he could have been disguised. And they say the King likes oranges.

**BALSAM**

That was Charles the Second.

FX: HE SIFTS MORE PAPERS.

**MIDDLEMINT**

It could have been a very good disguise.

FX: SHE PRODUCES A ROLLED DOCUMENT.

Is this what you were looking for? My husband's will... which you have kept 'safe' for me all these years. And the medallion you said was lost.

**BALSAM**

Theodosia...

**MIDDLEMINT**

You told me Oliver died in penury, alone in a dismal hut on a jungle river.

**BALSAM**

The truth was cruel, my dear. I had your feelings to protect.

**MIDDLEMINT**

I never before knew the breadth of his wealth... of which I have not received one single coin. But now I learn the truth. He left me, his loving wife, five thousand pounds.

FX: SHE PRODUCES THE PISTOL.

**BALSAM**

Theodosia, do not be foolish. Put down the pistol.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Did you kill him... to bolster your own prosperity?

**BALSAM**

Sister. We share everything. Please. The gun is not loaded.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Oh, yes it is.

FX: SHE COCKS THE GUN. URCLEES BARKS.

**BALSAM**

Quiet, you little rat!

FX: HE KICKS URCLEES, URCLEES YELPS.

**MIDDLEMINT**

Leave him alone!



**BALSAM**

Sister...

**MIDDLEMINT**

You have betrayed me, Geoffrey. Betrayed our family. I shall not move until the Militia, whom I have summoned in your name, arrives.

**BALSAM**

Who have you been talking to, eh? As if I couldn't guess!

**MIDDLEMINT**

Mrs Ramon warned me. And the Doctor taught me to have faith in myself. No, don't move. If need be, brother, we shall sit here for ever and ever... and ever. Amen.

**BALSAM**

(DEFEATED) Amen.

**81. EXT. QUAYSIDE**

**DOCTOR**

(URGENT) Mrs Clarke, I need more bandages to treat Gorembe's men.

**CONSTANCE**

I'm running out too. And that ship is heading out to sea. How long will the Captain be?

**DOCTOR**

I've no idea.

**CONSTANCE**

Its next stop is Africa. And suppose the Militia arrive and start rounding everyone up?

**DOCTOR**

Right. Take over here, will you? I'll see how he's doing.

**MEER** (APPROACHING)

Doctor!

**CONSTANCE**

At last.

**MEER**

Captain Deetman has agreed.

**DOCTOR**

That's excellent news. Well done.

**CONSTANCE**

He'll take Sarah's people? Oh, that's a relief.

**MEER**

Yes, yes. But they must board *The Black Tulip* with all speed. Craven cannot be allowed to escape.

**DOCTOR**

Right. You go with them, Mrs Clarke. I may not join you immediately.

**CONSTANCE**

Why? Where are you going?

**DOCTOR**

To make a small intervention of my own. Captain?

**MEER**

Yes, Doctor.

**DOCTOR**

Do you know if *The Black Tulip* has a cannon on board?

**82. EXT. THE WORTHY: DECK**

FX: SHIP CREAKING. SAILS FLAPPING.

**CRAVEN**

Philippa, come out of the pen.

**FLIP**

No way. I'm staying in here with Clara. Where I belong. Solidarity, eh sister?

**CRAVEN**

Your cabin is below.

**FLIP**

You're joking. There's nothing down there between me and the rest of the crew... apart from a scrap of old canvas.

**CRAVEN**

Then we will find better.

**FLIP**

And I'm not sleeping in a filthy hammock! (SHOUTS) You hear me, you lot. I'm not here by choice!

FX: CLARA SNORTS.

**FLIP**

Oh. Alright, Clara. It's alright. We're okay.

**CRAVEN**

Philippa, we must make our peace. This cannot continue.

**FLIP**

Careful. Don't get your coat mucky. It must be tough being rich with everything you fancy on tap. And when they have the cheek to say 'no' ... you grab them anyway. What about the rest of your family?

**CRAVEN**

I have two elder sisters.

**FLIP**

And what did they inherit? Did they get anything?

**CRAVEN**

They got married.

**FLIP**

Right... Clara's hungry. Got any oranges?

**CRAVEN**

We brought crates full as you well know. Every orange in Bristol. What about you? You have to eat.

**FLIP**

I'm off my food.

**CREWMAN (ABOVE)**

Sail ahoy!

FOLLOW CRAVEN INTO...

**83. EXT. DECK [CONTINUOUS]**

CRAVEN HURRIES ALONG DECK.

**CRAVEN**

What is it, Captain?

**HAWNCH**

Another ship. *The Black Tulip*. She lay in harbour with us.

**CRAVEN**

The Dutchman! Can we outrun her?

**HAWNCH**

I doubt that. They're not loaded down like us.

**CRAVEN**

Will it be a fight then?

**HAWNCH**

*The Worthy's* a merchantman, not a warship. Fight your own battles.

**CRAVEN**

I'll pay! How much?

**CREW [WILDTRACK]**

(LAUGHING – NOT PIRATICAL PLEASE!)

**CRAVEN**

Why are you laughing? Dammit! I pay for you all!

FX: DISTANT CANNONSHOT.

LAUGHING STOPS.

**HAWNCH**

By Heaven... Everyone down!

FX: CANNONBALL WHISTLES IN. CRASH OF SPLINTERING WOOD.

**HAWNCH**

The mizzen! Look out!

FX: MAST COLLAPSES.

**CREW [WILDTRACK]**

(PANIC)

**CRAVEN**

They're attacking us!

**HAWNCH**

Hoist the white flag! We surrender!

**CRAVEN**

No, we do not! Make speed. Go faster! Oof!

FX: HE DOUBLES UP, FELLED BY HAWNCH'S LEFT HOOK.

**HAWNCH**

Always knew he was trouble.

FX: A HEAVY CREAK. A BARREL ROLLS.

**CREW [WILDTRACK]**

(CRY OUT)

**HAWNCH**

We're listing! Are we holed?!

CROSS TO...

**84. EXT. BY THE PEN [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: SHIP CREAKING DANGEROUSLY. CLARA STOMPING AND SNORTING.  
CREW RUNNING BACK AND FORTH.

**CREW** [WILDTRACK]  
(PANIC)

**FLIP**

It's alright, Clara. Stay still. Just tilting a bit.

FX: CLARA PUSHES AT THE HAY BALES. A BARREL SLIDES PAST.

No, don't push the bales. No!

FX: BALES TUMBLE DOWN. CLARA STOMPS OFF.

Clara, come back!

FX: SHIP CREAKS LOUDLY. CRATES CRASH DOWN.

**HAWNCH** (DISTANT)

Lower the boats! Everyman for his-self!

**FLIP**

What's happening? What about us!

**CREW** [WILDTRACK]

Heave! Heave! Heave! (AND ON...)

FX: TARDIS MATERIALISES (DISTANT)

**FLIP**

The TARDIS! (YELLS) Doctor! Where are you?

**DOCTOR** (DISTANT)

Flip!

**FLIP**

I'm here! Ow!

FX: MORE THINGS SLIDE PAST.

**DOCTOR**

(ARRIVING) I told them not to fire until I gave the signal!

**FLIP**

Thought I'd lost you all.

**DOCTOR**

No such luck. Hold on to me.



**FLIP**

The ship's going down! Whoa... It's hard to balance.

**DOCTOR**

Hold on to me. The TARDIS is here.

**CRAVEN**

Wait!

**DOCTOR**

Ah... Titus Craven, I presume. I'm the Doctor.

**CRAVEN**

She's mine. Get her to the boat!

**FLIP**

I'm not yours, rich boy! Married already. Remember?!

**DOCTOR**

Sorry, Titus. Philippa goes where Philippa pleases. And that's not with you!

**CRAVEN**

Oh, yes she does! Over here now! We go together!

FX: CLARA SNORTS AND GRUMBLES.

**FLIP**

Clara!

**DOCTOR**

Titus, look out!

FX: CLARA STOMPS FORWARD.

**CRAVEN**

(TRYING TO DODGE) No. Get away! (WALLOP; THROWN OVERBOARD)  
Aaagh!

**FLIP**

No!

FX: DISTANT SPLASH. CLARA SNORTS. ANOTHER CREAK.

**DOCTOR**

He'll survive. Someone'll pick him up.

FX: MORE CREAKING, CRASHING.

Come on, Clara. Over here. This way. More oranges inside.

FX: CLARA PLODS FORWARD.

**FLIP**

In the TARDIS? But she'll never fit through the doors!

**DOCTOR**

Oh, what is Flip saying to you, eh? You have a very elegant figure. Come on. (HEAVING) Besides, the external dimensions are more flexible than they appear.

FX: WITH AN EFFORT, THEY PUSH CLARA INSIDE.

**FLIP**

It worked! She's in! Well done, Clara!

FX: SHIP CREAKS.

The ship's going!

**DOCTOR**

Get inside, quick! A rhino in my TARDIS. Whatever next?!

FX: DOOR SLAMS. DEMATERIALISATION STARTS. *THE WORTHY* CRASHES APART. THE SEA RUSHES IN.

**85. EXT. BLACK TULIP. DECK**

FX: SHIP CREAKING.

**CONSTANCE**

She's sinking! I can't see them anymore.

**MEER**

Or Clara? May I... the spy glass?

**CONSTANCE**

Yes, sorry, Captain. Can you see the TARDIS?

**DOCTOR**

I'll be surprised if he can, Mrs Clarke. We're just behind you.

**CONSTANCE**

Doctor!

**MEER**

Good Lord!

**CONSTANCE**

You got away!

**FLIP**

We both did.

**CONSTANCE**

Philippa!

**DOCTOR**

Just a short hop from one ship to another.

**FLIP**

Connie.

**CONSTANCE**

Oh, my goodness. I thought... well, to be honest I hardly dared think at all. (THEY HUG) Are you safe? You know what I mean.

**FLIP**

This is me you're talking about.

**CONSTANCE**

Because that wouldn't have been on.

**FLIP**

Yes, just about safe.

**MEER**

Doctor? What about my Clara? Was she there? She can swim. I have seen her.

**DOCTOR**

Don't worry, Captain. Clara came with us.

**MEER**

What? She is here?

**CONSTANCE**

In the TARDIS?!

**DOCTOR**

Of course.

**MEER (HURRYING OFF)**

Clara!

**CONSTANCE**

But... but she'd never get through the door.

**83. EXT. THE DECK**

FX: SEAGULL CRIES. WIND BUFFETS THE SAILS.

**GOREMBE**

Clara should be eating green leaves... not this dry grass.

**SARAH**

That is true. Even if she is not an African kangu with two horns. We shall see when we get to Amsterdam.

**MEER**

Excellent, Gorembe, Sarah. I know Clara is in the safest of hands.

**SARAH**

We thank you, Master.

**MEER**

No, no, not Master. (ALoud) You are free now, all of you!

**WORKERS [WILDTRACK]**

(RIPPLE OF APPRECIATION FROM THE FREED SLAVES)

**MEER**

We tour together. I'd thought of Persia next.

**FLIP**

Clara's tour has new roadies.

**CONSTANCE**

All that travel? Not for me, thank you.

**FLIP**

Connie, we do nothing else. And it's great.

**CONSTANCE**

That bracelet... where did you...?

**FLIP**

Do you want it? They're diamonds.

**CONSTANCE**

From Craven? No, thanks.

**FLIP**

No, me neither. (SHE THROWS IT)

**CONSTANCE**

Philippa...

**FLIP**

The fish are welcome to it. It's not for me.

FX: SEA RUSHES PAST.

**DOCTOR**

Constance? A penny for them.

**CONSTANCE**

I thought I might stop travelling. I could seek out William Wilberforce and help the Abolitionists.

**DOCTOR**

In memory of Mr Naylor? Yes, you could.

**CONSTANCE**

But I know too much, don't I? I might upset the apple cart.

**DOCTOR**

And the Abolition Act will happen anyway.

**CONSTANCE**

Yes. Silly idea.

**DOCTOR**

Not at all.

(BEAT)

**CONSTANCE**

(CAUTIOUS) What about you? No regrets?

**DOCTOR**

Over what?

**CONSTANCE**

Well, erm... Mrs Middlemint.

**DOCTOR**

And why should that be?

**CONSTANCE**

I'm sorry. My mistake.

(BEAT)

**DOCTOR**

(SIGHS) No. Thank you, Constance. But she wouldn't have been much of a traveller. Besides, she'd only have wanted to bring Urclees too.

**CONSTANCE**

I understand.

**DOCTOR**

And that's quite enough livestock for today, thank you. Best to keep busy. But that's kind. I appreciate it. (SIGHS) And now... I'll go and get the mop.

**THE END**